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CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1884.

No. 3.

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every floor, electric bells, telephone, billiard

room, dance hall, large dining hall and private

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Special attention will be given through the

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relieving their wants at an hourly notice. Busi-

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any merchandise placed in our storehouses. With

our facilities, and long experience in business,

we are happy to say to our patrons and others in

need of money, that we do so well by them as

any one in the State. We are centrally located

and have storehouses at the Old Colonial Bank-

ing House, 12 School Street. Morgan

OUR REPORTER'S GATHERINGS

IN ARLINGTON.

—The recent additions to Arlington

Public Library will be found in another

column.

—The contract for printing the town

reports has been awarded to D. F. Jones

& Co.

—Mr. Arthur W. Peirce made us a

brief call, Thursday morning, on his way

back to his duties in Barre, Vt.

—Rev. W. F. Potter was a guest at the

Universalist fair, Wednesday evening,

and was warmly greeted by many.

—Mr. R. A. White, of Tufts Divinity

school, will supply the pulpit of the Uni-

versalist church on Sunday.

—The meeting of the Unity Club was

postponed last week. It will be held

this evening, when the pastor and others

will discuss Thackeray.

—The new chairs for the lecture room

of Pleasant street Congregational church

arrived last Friday. Every one is pleased

with the change.

—Next week Mr. Ammi Hall will leave

town for the Bermudas, where he will

seek the health he so much desires. Com-

rades in Post 36 and other friends will

wish him bon voyage.

—Next Monday evening the Arlington

Heights Lecture Course will close with a

musical entertainment worthy the pa-

tronage of the citizens generally and we

hope Union Hall will be filled.

—The regular monthly concert of Ar-

lington Baptist Sunday school will occur

next Sunday evening, at 6.30 o'clock, in

the church vestry. Mr. Richardson will

present an attractive programme and a

cordial invitation to attend is extended to

all.

—The event now filling the largest

space in the anticipation of our young

people, is the Alumni Party, in Town

Hall, next Wednesday evening. The

managers are confident that it will be a

brilliant social event, and we hope the

most sanguine expectations may be real-

ized.

—The vacancy in the School Com-

mittee was filled Thursday evening (in joint

convention of that board with the Select-

men), by the unanimous vote in favor of

Mr. Reuben W. Hopkins. This gentle-

man is eminently well qualified to render

the town efficient service in the care of

her large school interests.

—A participant furnishes us the de-

tails of a golden wedding at the residence

of Mr. John A. P. Peirce, Wednesday

evening, for which he will please accept

thanks. We offer our congratulations to

the hale and vigorous couple who for 80

many years have held an honored place

in the estimation of friends and neighbors

and wish them many more happy re-

turns of their wedding day.

—The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs.

John A. P. Peirce was celebrated Wed-

nesday, Jan. 16th, 1884, at the homestead.

Mr. Peirce was one of eleven children, all

of whom had families that resided in Ar-

lington. Six have passed on to their

heavenly home, three of them after hav-

ing lived to celebrate their golden wed-

dings. Five of the family are now living,

and there was present with Mr. and Mrs.

Peirce his brother Mr. Thomas P. Peirce

and wife, his sister Mrs. Thomas Rams-

Trustfulness.

In peace the day is ended, and the night
Falls as doth a veil upon the sea;
Along its bosom comes with swift-winged flight
The grey mists, silently.

O anxious heart, how Nature speaks! Her
power
How leisurely she uses! How intense
The infinite peace of her most fruitful hour!
How soft her influence!

Time hath she for her storms to sweep the
main;
To rock the tree tops with her winds of
wrath;
To bring forth fragrance in the summer rain;
And time for snow she hath!

So dear, for all thy eager soul desires,
She keeps sweet times and seasons. In her
mood
Is hid for thee all passion's subtle fires
To round thy womanhood.

Cease then! and in this dewy twilight move
As one who asks not whither, cares not why;
This gift for all holds still the Eternal love—
God's endless by-and-by.

THE DRIVER'S STORY.

In '67 Jake Poole was staging the route from Gallatin to Helena, in Montana, driving a four-horse coach in summer and a "jerky" in winter, seventy miles a day through the wildest region and over one of the most dangerous routes in the United States. The country through which his trail ran—for it was little else than a trail—was totally uninhabited, but for three stage stations where horses were changed, and which were dug-outs, or log-huts, twenty miles apart. The Indians, though generally friendly, were liable to become enemies at a moment's warning; road agents and outlaws were thicker upon the Gallatin route than any other north of the Union Pacific railroad, and the route itself ran through gullies and canons, and along the verge of dizzy precipices, as though originally laid out by mountain sheep. Notwithstanding this, Jake was a successful driver, made better time, lost fewer mails and express safes, and ran his coach at a smaller expense to the company than any other man in their employ. But when misfortune did overtake him, it was no light hand that the genius of evil laid upon him, which the following adventure goes to prove:

One muggy morning in early May as Jake haule' up in front of the stage office and prepared to receive mails, express and messenger, and passengers if any there should be for Helena, the Wells-Fargo agent called to him from within. Throwing the reins over the foot-brake, Pool descended from his perch and entered the office.

The agent shut the door behind him; then, drawing near, he said, in a half-whisper:

"There's fifteen thousand in currency in the safe to take over to-day."

"All right," responded Jake. "I've carried more before now, and carried it safely."

"But," said the agent, drawing still nearer, "Dick's sick, and there's no messenger."

"Ah," said the driver, meditatively; then, touching the revolver which hung at his belt, "I'll be messenger and coachman both, then."

"But," still continued the other, "there's one thing more," and he leaned forward so that his lips touched his companion's ear. "'Copper Tom' and his pal, 'Old Jim,' are on the road. A man from Cross Trees was robbed by them last night."

Pool whistled long and low, and his hand fell from his pistol-butt. "Copper Tom" was the worst road agent in Montana—a desperado with both courage and brains.

"Don't send the rags."

"I must," said the expressman, anxiously. "The order is peremptory; the money must go to-day, messenger or no messenger. Now, will you take it and carry it through?"

Jack laughed.

"I'll take it; that's part of my business. Throw the safe under the seat and give me your pistol; I may want two." And he took the other's revolver from the desk where it lay and thrust it into his boot-top. "As to carrying it through, that's another matter, with those fellows to stop it. But I'll promise you this—if I go through, the safe shall."

The agent grasped his hand and shook it warmly. The door was thrown open, the driver mounted his seat, the iron box was stowed beneath his feet, the single passenger (an old woman, to be left at the first station) got in, the whip cracked, the horses plunged, the coach lurched heavily forward, and amid a shower of mud disappeared down the steep mountain road.

Although it was May the morning was cold, and it was not until the sun had climbed well up the eastern sky that the chill thawed out the air, and by that hour Pool was more than twenty miles upon his journey, with fresh horses in the traces and an empty coach behind him. He began to brighten up with the sun.

"After I get through the Devil's Pass," said he to himself, "Copper Tom or any other man may whistle for me, for from that to Dickson's is as hand-some a road as ever a horse struck foot upon, and whoever tries to stop me there, unless he shoots first, will go under the leader's feet. I intend to make that little seven miles in just twenty-eight minutes without brakes."

And he gathered his reins with a firmer hand, as if already whirling at that mad pace down the mountain-side.

"Let's see," he continued, "if nothing goes wrong and the road's all right, I ought to make my last change by five o'clock and reach the pass before six. It will then be broad daylight, so I can rattle right along, and then, after the spin down the 'causeway,' I'll strike Dickson's before seven, certain. Beyond that, the road is too open and too much traveled into Helena to be dangerous. By Jove!" he concluded, his

heart warming as he struck his heels against the safe beneath the seat, "I don't see where the agents can stop me, unless—Good heavens! what if they try it in the very pass itself? I had not thought of that!"

The man was silent for a moment, and his face grew grave; then, brightening, he shook his reins, loosened his revolvers in boot and belt, and, with a sigh, concluded his soliloquy with the remark:

"Well if they should meet me in the pass, 'twill be about an even thing. If they miss their first shot, I'll run 'em down, drive them into the canon, or drop them with my pistols. If they don't miss, why then the swag's theirs."

It was now high noon, and soon station two was reached, where horses were again changed, and where Pool dined upon jerked bear-meat, hot bread and black coffee. Strong food, but none too strong for the long ride yet before him.

As he mounted the box and prepared to depart, the keeper of the station slipped from his dug-out and drew near.

"There's an old pard down the road apiece who'll want a ride. He'll wear here 'bout two hours ago. He'll bear watchin'."

And the rough frontiersman touched the pistol-butt which protruded from his open shirt-front to emphasize his warning.

Jake nodded.

"Thanks, Tom! I'll keep my eyes open. So long!"

The fresh steeds in harness sprang strongly forward, and the empty coach whirled away.

"It's Old Jim, sure!" whispered Pool to himself, as his trained eye searched the winding road before him. "The oldscamp wants to ride so that he'll be on hand when Copper Tom turns up in the pass. I see it all."

The teeth closed with a snap.

"Good!" he continued, a moment later. "He shall ride."

Some five miles were passed when, in the shadow of a great pine that grew near the trail, Jake espied his prospective passenger, prone upon the ground at the foot of the tree, apparently resting. As the rattling coach drew near, the man bestirred himself and slowly rose.

"Hullo, driver! Kin ye favor an old beggar with a lift? I'm played, for I'm too old to tramp as I used to, an' too poor to pay fur a ride. Kin ye give me one?"

He stepped forward as he spoke. Poor he was, if tattered garments betokened poverty, for his clothing was but a single patched rag from head to foot. Old he certainly was, for the withered skin and scanty gray locks, the claw-like hands and sunken eyes, could not well be disguised.

Half in scorn and half in pity, yet with a brain awake to his danger, Jake drew rein and replied to his petitioner:

"Yes! be lively and climb up here—I am behind time now. Where do you go?"

"Dickson's."

A touch of the whip and the horses were again upon a quick trot. Pool eyed his companion as they rode onward, and almost unconsciously dropped his hand to his boot-top and loosened the revolvers carried there.

"Cold day for May," said the new comer, shivering, "this yer wind's sharp too."

"Yes," responded the other, mentally, wondering where about his ragged clothes the scoundrel at his side had concealed his weapons, "it is cold; but you'll find it warmer in the pass."

The grade was sharply descending now and the road rocky and rough. A mile more and the pass would be reached.—The coach fairly swayed under its rapid motion.

Old Jim was forced to cling to his seat with both hands in order to avoid being hurled to the ground. This was as Pool desired, and he smiled grimly as he noticed the other's action.

"Yer—a-drivin'—purty—fast!" screamed the gray-haired desperado, the words fairly jerked from him as the coach sprang forward, rocking from side to side. "Ye'll—hev—to hold—up—at—the—pass—I—reckon!"

Jake shut his teeth.

The granite walls of the pass were now just before them, and the roadway, descending and steep, ran into the shadow of the coming night and the gloom of the gravel-like opening—a narrow path, but little wider than the coach itself.

The roar of the angry river far below knelled a never-ending warning as it ran, ragged and torn among the jagged rocks, and the death-like mist that crept upward was damp and chill.

"I won't hold up!" and with these words the driver struck his horses sharply, and, snorting, they sprang forward into the Devil's Pass.

At the same instant, half way through the terrible gorge, standing motionless in the center of the roadway, a beetling wall of rock upon the one hand, a chasm of unknown depth upon the other, was seen a man!

Copper Tom was awaiting his quarry!

The old man at Pool's side uttered a cry, and loosening his grasp of the seat with one hand, he would have thrust it into his breast; but the other leaned suddenly toward him and pressing a revolver muzzle against his forehead whispered, hoarsely:

"Down with yer hand. If ye strag'in I'll kill ye! I know ye, old Jim, an' ye can't fool Jake Pool nor his load this time! Down with your hand!"

The shuddering rascal's hand fell at his side; his face grew ashen-hued and his eyes stared before him. They were rapidly approaching Copper Tom.

For an instant as they drew near that worthy stood facing them; then through the fading light he saw the position of his pal, upon whom he had depended—he saw the stern, set face of the driver—he saw the furious horses plunging down upon him—and

with a terror-stricken cry he turned and fled!

Could he reach the lower end of the causeway he might escape—could he but find a single spot to turn aside he would be safe; but it was not to be.

Nearer and nearer thundered the iron-shod hoofs behind him; narrower and still narrower grew the fatal road, until there rang a certain horrible, despairing cry, mingled with the frightened snort of the horses; a dark something bent down before the plunging steeds, rolled an instant before their grinding feet, and then, spurned by the flying wheels, was hurled an undistinguishable mass, into the canon beneath, and the coach sped on!

Half an hour later Jake pulled into the corral at Dickson's ranch, and tumbling a half-faint man from the seat at his side into the arms of the astounded hostlers, said:

"Bind that man and give him to the Sheriff! It's old Jim, the road agent! His pard's at the bottom of the gulch in the pass, this one ought to stretch hemp when the officers get him, and I've driven my last run over from Gallatin! There's too much risk about the business for me!"

And Jake kept his word. He no longer coaches it, but now keeps a public house in Helena itself, where, not long since at his own snug fireside, he told me this thrilling tale.

The Planets.

The material life of a planet is beginning to be recognized as no less real than the life of a plant or of an animal. It is a different kind of life. There is neither consciousness, such as we see in one of those forms of life, nor such systematic progress as we recognize in plant life. But it is life all the same. It has had a beginning, like all things which exist, and like them all it must have an end. The lifetime of a world like our earth may be truly said to be a lifetime of cooling. Beginning in the glowing, vaporous condition which we see in the sun and stars, an orb in space passes gradually to the condition of a cool, non-luminous mass, and thence, with progress depending chiefly on its size (slower for the large masses and quicker for the small ones), it passes steadily onward toward inertness, and death. Regarding the state in which we find the earth to be, as the stage of a planet's mid-life—namely, that in which the conditions are such that multitudinous forms of life can exist upon its surface—we may call that stage death in which these conditions have entirely disappeared. Now, among the conditions necessary for the support of life in general are some which are unfavorable to individual life. Among these may be specially noted the action of those subterranean forces by which the earth's surface is continually modelled and remodelled. It has been remarked with great justice by Sir John Herschell that since the continuance of the earth were formed, forces have been at work which would long since have sufficed to have destroyed every trace of land, and to have left the surface of our globe one vast, limitless ocean. But against these forces counteracting forces have been at work, constantly disturbing the earth's crust, and, by keeping it irregular, leaving room for ocean in the depressions, and leaving the higher parts as continents and islands above the ocean's surface. If these disturbing forces cease to work, the work of disintegrating, wearing away and washing off the land would go on unresisted. In periods of time such as to us seem long, no very great effect would be produced; but such periods as belong to the past of our earth, even to that comparatively short part of the past during which she has been the abode of life, would suffice to produce effects utterly inconsistent with the existence of life on land. Only by the action of her volcanic energies can the earth maintain her position as an abode of life. She is, then, manifesting her fitness to support life in those very throes by which, too often, many lives are lost. The upheavals and down-sinkings, the rushing of ocean in great waves over islands and seaports, by which tens of thousands of human beings, and still greater numbers of animals, lose their lives, are part of the evidence which the earth gives that within her frame there still remains enough of vitality for the support of life during hundreds of thousands of years yet to come.—*New York Herald.*

The Bad Boy.

"Say, mister," said the bad boy to the grocery man, as he came in burying his face in a California pear, "it is mighty kind of you to give away such nice pears as this, but I don't see how you can afford it. I have seen more than twenty people stop and read your sign out there, take a pear and go off chewing it."

"What's that," said the grocery man, turning pale and starting for the door, where he found a woodsawyer taking a pear. "Get away from there," and he drove the woodsawyer away and came in with a sign in his hand, on which was printed, "Take one." "I painted that sign and put it on a pile of chronos of a new clothes wringer, for people to take one, and by gum, the wind has blowed that sign over on to the pears, and I suppose every blamed fool that has passed this morning has taken a pear, and there goes the profits on the whole day's business. Say, you didn't change that sign, did you?" and the grocery man looked at the bad boy with a glance that was full of lurking suspicion.

"No, sir-ree," said the boy as he wiped the pear juice off his face on a piece of tea paper, "I have quit all kinds of foolishness, and wouldn't play a joke on a graven image. But I went to the Sullivan boxing match all the same though," and the boy put up his hands like a prize-fighter and backed the grocery man up against a molasses barrel, and made him beg.—*Peck's Sun.*

A GREAT CITY'S SLUMS.

SCENES OF MISERY AND HUMAN DEGRADATION IN LONDON.

Thousands of Wretched Beings Huddled Together in Rookeries Whose Owners Reap Golden Harvests.

Few have any adequate conception of what the pestilential human rookeries are where tens of thousands of the London poor are crowded together, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. To get into them you have to penetrate courts reeking with poisonous and maddening gases arising from accumulations of sewage and refuse scattered in all directions and often flowing beneath your feet; courts which the sun never penetrates, and which are never visited by a breath of fresh air. You have to ascend rotten staircases, which threaten to give way beneath every step, and which, in some places have already broken down, leaving gaps that imperil the limbs and lives of the unwary. You have to grope your way along dark and filthy passages swarming with vermin. Then, if you are not driven back by the intolerable stench, you may gain admittance to the dens in which these thousands of beings herd together. Should you ascend to the attic, where at least some approach to fresh air might be expected to enter from open or broken window, you find that the sickly air which finds its way into the room has to pass over the putrefying carcasses of dead cats or birds, or viler abominations still. Here is a hole in the wall which has been repaired by the landlord. He has done so by nailing a few pieces of an old soap-box over the place, and for this has put 3d a week upon the rent! And this is the best paying property in London! Three shillings, four and sixpence, as much as six shillings a week, is readily paid for one of these horrible rooms. Houses that have been condemned by the authorities as unfit for habitation are very good mines to sleek speculators, who fatten upon the wretchedness of the poor.

Every room in these rotten and reeking tenement-houses is occupied by a family, sometimes two. In one cellar have been found a father, mother, three children, and four pigs! In another room is a man ill with small-pox, his wife just recovering from her eighth confinement, and the children running about half-naked and covered with dirt. Here are seven people living in one underground kitchen, and a little dead child lying in the same room. Another apartment contains father, mother, and six children, two of whom are ill with scarlet fever. In another nine brothers and sisters, from 21 years of age downward, live, eat, and sleep together. In many cases matters are made worse by the unhealthy occupations of those who dwell in these habitations. Here you are choked as you enter by the air laden with particles of the superluous fur pulled from the skins of rabbits, rats, dogs, and other animals in their preparation for the furrier. Here the smell of paste and of drying match-boxes, mingling with other sickly odors, overpowers you; or it may be the fragrance of stale fish or vegetables not sold on the previous day and kept in the room over night.

The misery and sin caused by drink in these districts have often been told. In the district of Euston-road is one public house to every 100 people, counting men, women and children. Immediately around one chapel in Orange street, Leicester square, are 100 gin-palaces, most of them very large, and these districts are but samples of what exists in all the localities which we have investigated. Look into one of these glittering saloons, with its motley, miserable crowd, and you may be horrified as you think of the evil that is nightly wrought there, but contrast it with any of the abodes which you find in these fetid courts, and you will wonder no longer that it is crowded.

There are those who endeavor to live honestly, and they outnumber the dishonest, but what are their wages? A child 7 years old may easily make 10s. 6d. a week by thieving, but what can he earn by such work as match-box making, for which 2 1-4d. a gross is paid, and the makers have to find their own fire for drying the boxes, paste, and string? Before he can gain as much as the young thief he must make 56 gross of match-boxes a week, or 1296 a day, which is impossible. Women, for the work of trousers finishing, (that is, sewing in linings, making button-holes, and stitching on the buttons,) receive 2 1-2d. a pair, and have to find their own thread. For making men's shirts they are paid 10d. a dozen; babies' hoods, from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.; a dozen. In one house were found a widow and her half-idiot daughter making palliasses at 1 3-4d. each. Here is a woman who has a sick husband and little one to look after. She is employed at shirt finishing at 3d. a dozen, and by the utmost effort can only earn 6d. a day, out of which she has to find her own thread. Another, with a crippled hand, maintains herself and a blind husband by match-box making, for which she is remunerated on the liberal scale mentioned above, and out of her 2 1-4d. a gross she has to pay a girl a penny a gross to help her. Here is a mother who has taken away whatever articles of clothing she can strip from her four little children without leaving them absolutely naked. She has pawned them, not for drink, but for coal and food. A shilling is all she can procure, and with this she has bought seven pounds of coals and a loaf of bread.

The child-misery that one sees is the most heart-rending and appalling element in those discoveries; and of this not the least is the misery inherited from the vice of drunken and dissolute parents, manifest in the stunted, misshapen, and often loathsome objects that we constantly meet in these localities. Here is one of three years old picking up some dirty pieces of bread

and eating them. We go in at the doorway where it is standing and find a little girl 12 years old. "Where is your mother?" "In the mad-house." "How long has she been there?" "Fifteen months." "Who looks after you?" The child, who is sitting at an old table making match-boxes, replies, "I look after my little brothers and sisters as well as I can." "Where is your father?" "He has been out of work three weeks, but he has gone to a job of two days this morning." Another house visited contained nine motherless children. The mother's death was caused by witnessing one of her children being run over. The eldest was only 14 years old. All lived in one small room, and there was one bed for five. Here is a poor woman deserted by her husband and left with three little children. One met with an accident a few days ago and broke his arm. He is lying down on a shake-down in one corner of the room with an old sack around him. And here, in a cellar kitchen, are nine little ones, without food and scarcely any clothing.

These wretched people must live somewhere, and it must be near the centers where their work lies. It is notorious that the Artisans' dwellings act has, in some respects, made matters worse for them. Large spaces have been cleared of fever-breeding rookeries to make way for the building of decent habitations, but the rents of these are far beyond the means of the abject poor. They are driven to huddle more closely together in the few loathsome places still left to them, and so Dives makes a richer harvest out of their misery, buying up property condemned as unfit for habitation, and turning it into a gold mine because the poor must have a shelter somewhere, even though it be the shelter of a living tomb. The state must make short work of this iniquitous traffic, and secure to the poorest the rights of citizenship, the right to live in something better than fever dens, the right to live as something better than the uncleanest of brute beasts. This must be done before the Christian missionary can have much chance with them. Meanwhile, the committee of the Congregational union have determined to commence operations in three of the very worst districts in London, in each of which a mission-hall, and other buildings will be erected and a house-to-house visitation will be organized.

What May Be Done With One Acre.

One acre of ground in lawn and garden is sufficient to maintain a family cow in any village or rural locality, says an exchange. One who knows how it is done, and has done it for several years, describes the method by which it is accomplished.—"A quarter of an acre is in garden—strawberries, currants, grapes, raspberries, blackberries and gooseberries. There are six apple trees and fourteen pear trees. All but the garden is in grass, chiefly orchard grass. I am already feeding down a small piece of orchard grass under some apple trees the third time by tethering the cow upon it. Some of the grass I have just cut the second time, and some will give a third cutting. Fifty rows of sweet corn for table use are now beginning to yield boiling ears, and the stalks and husks go to the cow. There are pea vines, bean vines, beet tops, small potatoes and other wastes to help feed the cow luxuriously, and in this way the family cow may be kept in abundance throughout the year upon one acre, while her manure will keep the whole acre growing richer every year, and will provide a liberal quantity for the flower beds and the shrubs, and dwarf-pears on the lawn. A very large quantity of the best manure is made by throwing the weeds with all the soil attached to them, the leaves that are raked up, and the wood ashes from the house, together with as much soil as may be needed, into a pit in the cowyard, and leading the drainage from the manure into it. If a farm were only managed as one manages the garden, every acre might easily pay \$100; but the labor is not to be had, and one pair of hands cannot do it for more than five or six acres. But the time will come when it must be done; when the land becomes fully occupied, and this great country has its 500,000,000 of inhabitants, a number which it can sustain with the greatest ease, with a thorough system of cultivation."

The Origin of "Sub Rosa."

You know that it means "between us," or "you mustn't tell." Its origin is said to have been on this wise: In the year B. C. 477, Pausanias, the commander of the confederate fleet of the Spartans and Athenians, was engaged in an intrigue with Xerxes for the subjugation of Greece to the Persian rule, and for the hand of the monarch's daughter in marriage. Their negotiations were carried on in a building attached to the temple of Minerva, called the Brazer House, the roof of which was a garden forming a bower of roses, so that the plot, which was conducted with the utmost secrecy, was literally matured "under the rose." Pausanias, however, was betrayed by one of his emissaries, who, by a preconcerted plan with the ephori (the overseers and counsellors of state, five in number), gave them a secret opportunity to hear from the lips of Pausanias himself the acknowledgment of his treason. To escape arrest, he fled to the temple of Minerva, and, as the sanctity of the place forbade intrusion for violence or harm of any kind, the people waited up the edifice with stones, and left him to die of starvation. His own mother laid the first stone. It afterwards became a custom among the Athenians to wear roses in their hair whenever they wished to communicate to another a secret they wished to be kept inviolate. Hence, the saying *sub rosa* among them, and since among Christian nations.—*Christian at Work.*

How Time-Tables are Made.

The *American Tourist* says that instead of time-tables being changed with pen and paper, as many suppose, the entire running arrangements of all passenger and freight trains, their crossing of other tracks or passage of other trains, stops, and lost time are calculated by simple, common pins and spools of different colored threads. Before a time-table or schedule is prepared, the time-chart is first perfected. To prepare a time-chart a large piece of drawing-paper is first stretched on a smooth surface and mounted on an easel. The chart is ruled either for two, five, or ten-minute time by horizontal lines, and perpendicular cross-lines. The "time" is marked above the horizontal line, and the distances, or stations and terminals, down the first perpendicular line. For illustration, 12 midnight is the mark on the first horizontal line, and each hour is marked until the twenty-fourth, or the following midnight hour, is reached on the last horizontal line. Between the hour lines the space is divided into minutes and graduated as fine as desired. On a two-minute chart the space between the hours is divided into ten minutes' time, and the ten minutes' time into two minutes' time. The hour lines are made heavy and the lesser lines are of a lighter shade to distinguish them. The one terminus of the road—Milwaukee, for instance—is marked on the first line beside the first time mark, 12 midnight. The other stations follow down the perpendicular line until the other terminal is reached. Then all is ready to prepare for the running arrangement, provided the pins and threads are ready. A blue thread means a passenger train, a red thread a freight train, and if the trains of other roads use part of the track they are designated by a different colored thread. It is calculated that the running time shall be, say, twenty-five miles an hour, and for the purpose of illustration the tracing of one passenger train will answer the purpose of explaining them all. A passenger train leaves Milwaukee at 8 a. m. The pin is placed on the horizontal line at the 8 a. m. time-mark and the end of the blue thread fastened thereto. If the train runs without stopping for fifty miles, the blue thread is stretched over opposite to the station at which the stop is made, and directly under the 10 a. m. time-mark, another pin is stuck and the blue thread wrapped about it to keep it taut. If this is a stop, say, of forty minutes, the blue thread is stretched to the 10.40 a. m. mark on a direct line with the same station, and another pin stuck and the blue thread wrapped. The train starts, and its entire course is thus timed and distributed along the road. If the railroad has, say, forty or sixty passenger trains running daily, the time-chart, when it is completed, looks like a great spider's web stretched out with pins. But little work then remains to transfer the time and stations to the time-table, and the schedule is ready for the printer.

Brooks as Sewers.

The *Sanitary Engineer* says: When a natural watercourse traverses a town, and its banks become built upon, the easiest way of getting rid of filth and house wastes is to throw them into the stream. Every man's instinctive impulse is to get rid of what annoys him, and not to mind how his neighbor will be affected. After a while, when the watercourse has become sufficiently nasty, the people come to a realizing sense of what they have brought upon themselves, and then try to devise a remedy. In this they begin usually at the wrong end.

They look on the stream as creating the nuisance, and don't consider that it is their abuse of the stream that is the source of the trouble. So they go to work and cover the stream up, and call it a sewer. What is the result? Simply that the stench of the foul matter in the old channel is bottled up somewhat, to be vented through every manhole, every inlet and every house drain, and probably do more real injury than when the rotting filth was exposed to the air and the sun, and diffused its aroma through the whole atmosphere.

The channel of a small natural stream through a town or village ought never to be converted into a sewer for house wastes. This will strike a good many people as an odd doctrine, but still it is sound doctrine. The functions of a natural stream and of a sewer are so diverse that one cannot be made to do duty for the other.

The First Umbrella.

The umbrella was seen in the streets of Glasgow by Dr. Jamieson in 1782, on his return from Paris. When he commenced unfurling it crowds of people followed him in amazement at the spectacle. About 1789 an attempt was made to manufacture umbrellas by Mr. John Gardner, father of the present Mr. Gardner, optician, Buchanan street. "Senex" had in his hands the first umbrella that ever was made in Glasgow. It was, indeed, a very clumsy article. The cloth was heavy oil or wax glazed, lined, and the ribs were formed of Indian cane, such as, shortly before this time, ladies were accustomed to use as hoops to extend their petticoats. The handle was messy and strong, and altogether it was a load to carry.—*Scottish American.*

She Had Changed Her Opinion.

"O, you dear, good mother!" chirped Birdie McHennephin, "do you really mean to say that I can marry Gus De Smith?"

"I do," replied Mrs. McHennephin. "You have my full consent."

"But, mamma, you said only yesterday that you couldn't bear him," pursued the daughter.

"Well, I have got something like an eighty-one for grudge against him, and for that very reason I have concluded to become his mother-in-law."

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

A Good Potato.

The following are the requisite qualities of a good potato: When cut into, the color should be yellowish white; if it is a deep yellow it will not cook well. There must be a considerable amount of moisture, though not enough to collect in drops and fall off, even with moderate pressure. Rub the two pieces together, and if it is good a white froth will appear around the edges and also upon the two surfaces after they are separated. This signifies the presence of a proper quantity of starch. The more froth the better the potato, while the less there is the poorer it will cook. The quantity of the starchy element may also be judged by the more or less ready adherence of the two parts. If the adherence is sufficient for one piece to hold the other up the fact is evidence of a good article. These are the experiments usually made by experts when buying potatoes, and are the best tests that can be given short of boiling; but even they are by no means infallible.—*Seed-time and Harvest.*

The Value of a Compost Heap.

The gardener and farmer are not apt to sufficiently appreciate the importance of gathering into heaps vegetable substances of all kinds to convert into manure. *Land and Water*, calling the attention of its readers to the subject, suggests the following plan for a compost receptacle:

In some convenient place lay down a sound floor of concrete, and have a roof to cover it, but open on the sides. Upon the floor collect weeds and every other kind of waste vegetable matter, road scrapings, border edging, in fact the greater the variety and the more of it the better. Keep it moist (not over wet), and turn it over occasionally—at the same time a little salt may be sprinkled over it with great advantage. When sufficiently decomposed this will form a most valuable manure, highly rich in nitrogen in such a form as to be readily taken up by the crops. Use the liquid of cattle and the domestic waste from the house, and it will surprise many what a store of good manure will soon accumulate.

How an Iowa Dairyman Milks.

The following from the *Dairy*, contributed by an Iowa dairyman, shows what absolute cleanliness means: "It is said that it is as hard to be clean as it is to be good. Well, I think it is not hard to be good, even for a dairyman, if he only does as he would be done by, and just as easy to be clean. This is my method of doing it: At five o'clock I am in the cow stables. The feed prepared the night before is put into the feed boxes, which are first cleared of all remnants of former food; and, if sour, they are scoured out with warm water and a broom. While the cows are eating they are thoroughly carded and brushed, as well as any well-kept horse is, and all over from head to switch. The udder is sponged, if necessary, and wiped with a clean towel, and not a dungy rag. The gutters are then cleaned out, and the stalls, a common road broom being used to finish after a broad scraper, which draws the manure down to the trapdoors into the cellar. The floor and the gutters are then littered well with sawdust, when we have no straw. For fifteen cows this takes an hour. Then I go to breakfast. At half-past six the cows are milked, and each milker has overalls and an apron made of striped ticking, with which he can milk in his Sunday clothes and slippers if he likes; and any lady may go in with silk dress and not hurt it. As the milk is drawn it is strained at once in the deep pails which stand on the platform and are kept covered; the milk pails have strainers, and a double strainer is kept in the deep cans, so the milk goes through three strainers. But this is not really necessary, as I would cheerfully drink a glass of milk direct from the cow as I milk it. But out of consideration for my customers who buy my butter and milk I put the milk through three strainers. As soon as the deep pails are full they are closed and carried to the milkhouse and handed to the person who sets the milk in the pool or the creamery, or, if it is put into shallow pans, strains it at once. Now, there is nothing hard to do about this. It is so easy after having begun it and got into the way of it that it would be hard to stop it. And I don't see how it is easy to be cleaner than we are in our dairy."

How to Transplant Trees from Woods.

Many think it cheaper to take up large trees from the woods and transplant them to their grounds or to the roadside, than to buy nursery trees. As a rule, such trees die; they fail because proper precautions have not been taken. In digging up the tree, all the roots outside of a circle a few feet in diameter are cut off, and the tree is reset with its full head of branches. Whoever has seen trees in the forest that were upturned by a tornado must have been struck by the manner in which the roots run very near to the surface, and to a great distance. When the roots of these trees are cut off at two or three feet from the trunk, few or no fibrous or feeding roots are left; and if the mass of tops is left, the expansion of the buds in the spring will not be responded to by a supply of sap from the roots, and death must follow. If such trees have the tops completely removed, leaving only a bare pole, they will usually grow when transplanted. The tree is little more than an immense cutting; but there are roots enough left to meet the demand of the few shoots that start from the top, and growth above and below ground are well balanced. We have seen maples, elms, and basswood trees, fifteen feet or more high, transplanted in this manner, without a failure. Some trees treated in this manner were planted in our neighborhood about ten years ago. They have now as fine heads as one would wish,

and show no signs of former rough treatment. Trees in pastures, or on the edge of the woods, are better furnished with roots. These should be prepared for transplanting by digging down to the roots, and cutting off all that extend beyond the desired distance. This will cause the formation of fibrous roots near the tree. It will be safer to take two years for the operation, cutting half of the roots each year. Such trees may be removed in safety, especially if a good share of the top is removed in transplanting. Shrubs of various kinds require the same treatment. Many of our native shrubs are of great beauty, and desirable as ornaments to the grounds. As ordinarily transplanted, they are rarely satisfactory. If the whole top of these shrubs, every branch, be removed, leaving only a stick with as much root as can be secured, success is quite certain. We have removed the laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*) safely in this manner; the shrubs show no signs of their rough treatment.—*American Agriculturist.*

Feeding Poultry to Produce Eggs.

A correspondent writes that his chickens are in good condition and have the free run of the barnyard and farm, but are not laying eggs, although the season for laying is at hand. He asks what he shall feed to his poultry to produce eggs. This query is an opportune one, and the reply may be of general interest.

Before considering the question of food, it may be well to state that as soon as old fowls have ceased laying in the autumn, and before they have lost condition by moulting, they should, unless Hamburgs or Brahmas, be either killed or sold off, and replaced by pullets hatched in March or April, which will have moulted early. These pullets, with proper food and housing, will all produce eggs by November. When fowls are kept for eggs it is essential to success that every autumn the stock be replaced with pullets hatched early in the spring. By no other means can eggs be relied on. The only exception to this rule is in the case of Cochins, Brahmas, or Hamburgs, which will lay through winter up to their second and sometimes their third year.

A judicious system of feeding is essential in winter. There is danger in overfeeding. A fat hen is not only subject to disease but ceases to lay. On the other hand fowls are not remunerative unless sufficiently fed. The almost daily production of an article so rich in nitrogen as an egg demands an ample and regular supply of adequate food. There is one simple rule that always holds good with adult fowls, viz., give them as much as they can eat eagerly and no more. When fowls begin to feed with indifference the supply should be stopped.

If the fowls have a run of moderate extent, so that they can forage for themselves, two meals per day will be found sufficient, one in the early morning and the other the last thing before they go to roost. But when fowls are kept in confinement they will require a scant midday meal.

The morning meal should consist of soft, warm food. Small potatoes and potato peelings, boiled until soft and mixed with bran, or meal slightly scalded, makes an excellent soft feed. In mixing soft food always mix it rather dry. The evening meal should be of grain. Barley is excellent, and Indian corn may be advantageously given every second and third day. Buckwheat has a stimulating effect on the production of eggs, and could it be obtained at a cheap enough rate would be recommended. Another important article of diet is green or vegetable food; give cabbage leaves, turnips, etc., in small quantities every day. In addition to their regular food it is needful that fowls have a supply of lime in one shape or another. Old mortar pounded is excellent, so are burnt oyster shells. Never leave the fowls without plenty of clean water.

Nests may be of any form, but are best placed on or near the ground. A form of nest employed abroad, and advantageous because readily cleaned, is a basket shape, flat on one side and hung low to a nail in the wall. These baskets are of wire, hence do not harbor vermin. The straw placed in the nests should be changed as often as there is any foul or musty smell.

A change of food at times will be beneficial. When the weather is warm and the production of eggs abundant, the food should abound in nitrogenous or flesh-forming material, and not contain too much starch or oil, both of which, being carbonaceous, have warmth-giving and fattening properties; but in cold weather, when the eggs are fewer than in summer, less of the nitrogenous and more of the carbonaceous food will be required.

One word more. Fowls require some portion of animal food; on a wide range they will provide this for themselves; when in confinement it must be furnished. Scraps from the table are good. Animal food need not be given more than three times per week, and only in small quantities. If the fowls are overfed with meat scraps the quills of the feathers become more or less charged with blood, which the birds in time perceive and pick at each others' plumage until they have the skin bare. It is well in winter to add to the drinking water a few drops of sulphate of iron, just enough to impart a slight mineral taste; this will in a measure guard against rust and act as a tonic.—*New York World.*

Recipes and Household Hints.

A little breakfast bacon fried to a crisp and served with beefsteak is very palatable.

It is said by one who is ordinarily truthful that if you place a little piece of ripe red pepper in the pot with cabbage or turnip is boiling, it will help to destroy the objectionable odor with which these vegetables are likely to fill the house.

Potato ribbon is a new and dainty dish. Choose good, large, sound potatoes, pare and lay in cold water for an hour. Then take a sharp knife and pare round and round in one continuous strip. Fry carefully in hot lard and serve on a flat dish.

Handsome stockings which are of "many colors," like Joseph's coat, may be dried without streaks or stains if you take the trouble to have pieces of board cut out the exact shape and size of the stockings; thin board will do. On these draw the damp stockings and set behind the stove to dry.

A nice way to cook chicken is to "smother" it, as the Marylanders say. Get a plump chicken, in the first place, and cut it up. Put in a baking pan with enough water to cover it, and baste with a little flour and water. When almost done, cover with drawn butter and leave in the sun for ten minutes. Serve hot.

Double knees should be placed in all children's stockings. To do this take a square of an old stocking about four inches each way, or if this is not procurable, a piece of merino or woolen goods will answer. Then lay it on the wrong side over the knee and sew down with soft darning cotton of the same shade.

A good mixture to have in the house is composed of aqua ammonia two ounces, of water one quart, saltpetre one tea-spoonful, shaving soap one ounce. Scrape the soap fine before mixing the other ingredients and allow it to stand a few hours before using. It is sure death to bed bugs if applied to the crevices which they inhabit; it will remove paint that is mixed with oil without injuring the finest fabrics, and will remove grease from carpets by covering the spots with the mixture and after sponging and rubbing it thoroughly wash it off with clear cold water.

Stewed apples may be made into a very pretty dish. Cut the apples in halves and carefully peel them, leaving a thin bar of the peel across the center. Place core downward in a shallow pan of boiling water. When they are tender, carefully remove to a glass dish, without breaking. Let the syrup come to a boil, sweeten, and thicken with a little gelatine; flavor with lemon or vanilla, and when about to jell, pour over the apples; set away to cool. Before putting on the table, beat up the whites of two eggs and two table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar, and spread on the top. The little trouble required to make this dish will be amply repaid.

How to Fall Asleep.

I had often noticed that when engaged in deep thought, particularly at night, there seemed to be something like a compression of the eyelids, the upper one especially, and the eyes themselves were apparently turned upward, as if looking in that direction. This invariably occurred; and the next moment that, by an effort, I arrested the course of thought, and freed the mind from the subject with which it was engaged, the eyes resumed their normal position and the compression of the lids ceased. Now it occurred to me one night that I would not allow the eyes to turn upward, but keep them determinedly in the opposite position, as if looking down; and having done so for a short time I found that the mind did not revert to the thoughts with which it had been occupied, and I soon fell asleep. I tried the plan again with the same result, and after an experience of two years, I can truly say that, unless something specially annoying or worrying occurred, I have always been able to go to sleep very shortly after retiring to rest. There may occasionally be some difficulty in keeping the eyes in the position I have described, but a determined effort to do so is all that is required, and I am certain that if kept in the down-looking position it will be found that composure and sleep will be the result.

It may be said that as the continued effort to keep the eyeballs in a certain position so diverts the attention as to free the mind from the disagreeable subject with which it had been engaged, sleep will follow as a natural consequence. It is not improbable that this is to some extent correct; and if so, it is well that by means so simple and so easily adopted, such a desirable result can be secured. But I think this is not the only nor the principal reason. The position in which the eyes should be kept is the natural one; they are at ease in it, and where there is no compression of the lids or knitting of the brows, the muscles connected with and surrounding the eyes are relaxed. This condition is much more favorable for sleep than for mental activity or deep thought.—*Chambers' Journal.*

HEALTH HINTS.

A good gargle for a sore throat is made of vinegar and a little red pepper mixed with water.

Coffee or tea should never be given children at night. They disturb the nerve system and make children cross and peevish.

Coarse brown paper soaked in vinegar and placed on the forehead is good for a sick headache. If the eyelids are gently bathed in cool water the pain in the head is generally allayed.

When putting glycerine on chapped hands, first wash them thoroughly in soap and water, and when not quite dry rub in the glycerine. This process will be found much better than the old one.

One of the best and most strengthening drinks, as well as a pleasant one, to give a delicate child, is made by beating up an egg in a tumbler with a little sugar until it froths, then fill it with rich milk and have the child drink it at once. The nourishment in the egg and milk combined will sustain the system all day if nothing else is taken.

COREA AND THE COREANS.

THE COUNTRY, CLIMATE, OCCUPATION AND SOCIAL CONDITION.

Origin of the Race—Portraiture of the People—Religion and Government—Systems of Education.

A writer in the *Albany Argus* says that since the recent visit of the Korean embassy to this country, so much misrepresentation of Korea and the Coreans has been given by the press, that it seems but just for one who knows something of that interesting country, to make some honest statement concerning it. The writer of this article has not only resided in Korea, but has also supplemented his knowledge by interviews with Ya Chil Chun, the attaché who is to remain in Salem, Mass., with Professor Edward S. Morse, for the purpose of studying the English language and American customs.

In the first place, the country is really known as Korea, and officially as Chavsen or Tsixsen, "the serenity of the time of morning." The inhabitants themselves are designated as the Kruaso, which, being interpreted, means "that herd of bears." The country is very mountainous, and almost without plains or valleys. The climate is equally temperate, with cold winters, and summers that are hot and rainy. The people are engaged in agriculture and manufactures. The principal crop is rice, without which the land would suffer from famine. Rye and millet would flourish, and there is considerable cultivation of cotton and hemp. Vegetables and fruit are raised without difficulty. The province of manufacture is paper from a vegetable pulp, for which there are as many uses as there are in Japan. Other manufacturing industry there is none. The houses are of the meanest description. The best of the dwellings are huts that would be despised by the poorest classes in this country. All of the houses are very much alike, built of wood and thatched, and only about ten feet square, with no door but the ground, and no furniture, not even a bed. The wealthiest people are but little better provided for.

The clothing is rudely made of cotton cloth and a rough silken stuff. Woollens and leather are unknown, and consequently the shoes are made of straw, and the hats of the same material matted with hair. The social life of the Coreans is as unique as everything else in the peninsula. The sexes have little to do with each other, practically living separate, but marriage is honored, and though concubinage is permitted, the family relations are characterized by the strongest affection. Women are not degraded by any means, but are held in the lowest estimation. Children are regarded with a pious love, and I am confident that in no country do the fathers have so much tenderness for their offspring.

The Coreans worship a supreme deity, designated as Siang-t'ie, to whom they offer a system of sacrifices of sheep, goats, and pigs. The sheep and goats are kept only for sacrifice. Next to the worship of Siang-t'ie is that of the mythical patron of Korea, known as Sia-tsik, who has a sacred temple in Siel. The adoration of ancestors prevails, and amounts almost to idolatry; but above all else that bears the name of religion is Confucianism. This may fitly be termed the "State religion," and is supported by government revenues, a *Kiang-kio*, or temple of Confucius, being maintained in every district. A few Coreans are Buddhists. Superstitions are numerous. Devils are feared and propitiated; the "great devil" is thought to reside in the serpent, and every snake that is found is feared and protected. To "weary off devils" the women zealously preserve their hearth-fire, its loss being considered as synonymous with the appearance of the devil, whose actions bring about bodily rather than spiritual harm.

The Coreans are regarded as of Mongolian descent from a stock as pure as that from which sprang Jenghis Khan. But while I cannot dispute the predominant existence of the Mongolic blood, I would submit that the Korean nerve is Caucasian. The Chinese have a tradition that the Coreans sprang from a union of two races, the San-Khan and the Siem-pi. The former were apparently Mongols. The latter were "fair-haired," and as Caucasians formed settlements on the mainland coast, it is all probable that it was their blonde race that sparsely peopled the peninsula when the Mongols overran it. Aside from tradition there are ethnological points of proof. There are about nine million inhabitants in Korea. Perhaps eight millions of population are of a yellowish complexion, with stiff black hair and beard, broad and flat features, high cheekbones, slightly oblique eyes, small nose, and thick sanguine lips. The rest have a Caucasian appearance, light complexion, chestnut hair, full beard, rounded or oval features, large nose, and blue eyes. A stranger cannot but attribute the two types, although in every attribute and in their language the two are alike. Mr. Ya Chil Chun is very Mongolian.

The Coreans are taller and more finely developed than are the Chinese and Japanese. They are remarkably simple and good-natured, honest in everything, open-hearted, hard workers and kindly hospitable. The Japanese and Korean languages are about as near related to each other as are the English and Sanskrit. The Korean is polysyllabic, with a rich phonetic system that includes as many as fourteen vowels, several gutturals and a large number of aspirates. It is written by a phonetic system, consisting of a very ancient syllabic alphabet. It is written in lines from the top to the bottom of the page. The common people alone employ it, the literati exclusively using the Chinese in writing and speaking, and obliging the native language to exist in its shadow. Korea constitutes a part of the Chinese Empire, and may be described as the Hungary of China. The king is the most absolute of monarchs. He is a divinity, and it is a capital crime to speak his name, or touch his person with an iron weapon. The emperor is not more secluded. When a person enters the royal presence he must fall prostrate. The king has a cabinet consisting of three councillors and six judges. Each judge has an advocate and a substitute allowed him. These judges hold secretarieships, viz., of public works, of the treasury, of religion, of war, of criminal courts, and of commerce. There are eight states or provinces, each having a governor and council; and 332 counties, each under a mandarin. There are four generals, and the army nominally comprises every able-bodied commoner. Altogether the country has an admirable system of government. Each officer—who is elected for two years—from councillor to mandarin, must pass a rigid civil service examination at the hand of a board of examiners appointed by the king. A fixed revenue is annually sent to the emperor, the departure and return of the embassy being considered the event of the year.

Education is honored. There are schools of languages, sciences, laws, medicine, arithmetic and finances, drawing and mechanics. These are principally situated at Seoul, the capital. On the whole the Coreans are a curious race, and remarkable because of their admirable systems in a people in such a low, social condition. Their isolation is notable, and we may never expect to see any Korean emigrate to this country.

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Nest-Building Fishes.

In floating along the shores of some wonderful stream, we may watch the domestic life of the sunfish, the mottled, bespangled friend of the angler, that is seemingly always on hand to be caught in default of nobler game.

Along the shore where delicate grasses grow, where floating lily-pads cast strange shadows, and the white pink-tipped buds reach upward, here among the winding stems, perhaps sheltered by a mossy bank with overhanging ferns and cat-o-nine-tails, the sunfish builds its nest. They may be seen by pairs moving in and out among the lilies near the shore, as if jointly selecting the site for their nursery. It is generally a gravelly spot, and once agreed upon, the little builders set vigorously to work. The stems or roots are torn up for twelve inches about, and carefully carried several feet away, while the smaller rootlets are swept aside by skillful blows of their tails, both fishes often standing over the nest-creating a mimic whirlpool with their tails that effectually carries off the objectionable particles. The stones are next taken away, the smaller ones in their mouths, the larger being pushed out bodily, or fanned away by the sweeping process, until finally an oval depression appears, with a fine sandy bottom. The stems and other aquatic verdure about the sides, that seem to have been purposely left, now naturally fall over, so that oftentimes the nest is a perfect bower, its walls bedecked with buds, while the roof is a mat of white lilies floating upon the surface. Here the eggs are deposited, the male and female alternately watching them. We have always known the sunfish as the most peaceful of the finny tribe, and only in wanton playfulness chasing the golden carp; but let a stranger, a bewhiskered cat-fish, approach the bower, and war is at once declared. The little creatures seem to snap with rage and defiance, the sharp dorsal fins stand erect, the pectorals vibrate with repressed emotion, while the convulsive movements of their powerful tails show that they are ready to stand by their homes to the last, and indeed so vigorous is their charge that large fishes are forced to retreat, and as the sunfishes build in companies, the intruder is often attacked by an entire colony of them. They have, however, one enemy that seems to defy them, the pirate perch, which, like the cuckoo, that is either incapable or too lazy to build a nest of its own, often deposits its eggs in that of its neighbor.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Russian Fable.

A peasant was one day driving some geese to a neighboring town, where he hoped to sell them. He had a long stick in his hand, and, to tell the truth, he did not treat his geese with much consideration. I do not blame him, however; he was anxious to get to the market in time to make a profit, and not only geese, but men, must expect to suffer if they hinder gain.

The geese, however, did not look on the matter in this light, and happening to meet a traveler walking along the road, they poured forth their complaints against the peasant who was driving them.

"Where can you find geese more unhappy than we are? See how this peasant is hurrying on this way and that, and driving us just as though we were only common geese. Ignorant fellow as he is, he never thinks how he is bound to honor and respect us; for we are the distinguished descendants of those very geese to whom Rome once owed its salvation, so that a festival was established in their honor."

"But for what do you expect to be distinguished yourselves?" asked the traveler.

"Because our ancestors—"

"Yes, I know; I have read all about it. What I want to know is what good have you yourselves done?"

"Why, our ancestors saved Rome."

"Yes, yes; but what have you done of the kind?"

"We? Nothing."

"Of what good are you then? Do leave your ancestors at peace. They were honored for their deeds; but you, my friends, are only fit for roasting."

—*Examiner.*

Four years ago the railway mileage in the 12 southern states was 17,000. It is now 26,000.

Out of Money.

To be out of money in a country where scarcely a native, much less a foreigner, can find anything to do to get his bread, is a serious matter, as the reader can judge. Bayard Taylor in his young and enterprising days went through Europe living "from hand to mouth," and occasionally he found himself in such a dilemma.

Some readers will remember his story of his predicament at Lyons, when a letter (long waited for) came, with money in it to replenish his empty pocket, but with fourteen sous postage due on it! and he was forced to contrive a stratagem to borrow a franc of his landlady before he could get the letter.

He relates another incident of similar straits, in the city of Florence, while his two traveling companions were gone to Leghorn to procure the much-needed cash upon a banker's draft:

"They were to be absent three or four days, and had left me money enough to live on in the meantime, but the next morning our bill for washing came in, and consumed nearly the whole of it. I had about four crazie (three cents) a day left for my meals, and by spending one of these for bread and the remainder for ripe figs (of which one crazie will purchase fifteen or twenty), and roasted chestnuts, I managed to make a diminutive breakfast and dinner, but was careful not to take much exercise, on account of the increase of hunger.

As it happened, my friends remained two days longer than I had expected, and the last two crazie I had were expended for one day's provisions.

I then decided to try the next day without anything, and actually felt a curiosity to know what one's sensation would be on experiencing two or three days of starvation. I knew that if the feeling should become insupportable, I could easily walk out to the mountain of Fiesole, where a fine fig-orchard shades the old Roman amphitheatre.

But the experiment was broken off at its commencement by the arrival of the absent ones, in the middle of the following night. Such is the weakness of human nature, that on finding I should not want for breakfast, I arose from bed and ate the two or three remaining figs, which by a strong exertion I had saved from the scanty allowance of the day.

How to Cook an Old Hen.

Prof. W. Mattieu Williams gives us in *Knowledge* his practical experience with elderly poultry, as follows:

I may mention an experiment that I have made lately. I killed a superannuated hen—more than six years old, but otherwise in very good condition. Cooked in the ordinary way she would have been uneatably tough. Instead of being thus cooked, she was gently stewed about four hours. I cannot guarantee to the maintenance of the theoretical temperature, having suspicion of some simmering. After this she was left in the water until it cooled, and on the following day was roasted in the usual manner, i. e., in a roasting oven. The result was excellent; as tender as a full-grown chicken roasted in the ordinary way, and of quite equal flavor, in spite of the very good broth obtained by the preliminary stewing. This surprised me. I anticipated the softening of the tendons and ligaments, but supposed that the extraction of the juices would have spoiled the flavor. It must have diluted it, and that so much remained was probably due to the fact that an old fowl is more fully flavored than a young chicken. The usual farm-house method of cooking old hens is to stew them simply; the rule in the Midlands being one hour in the pot for every year of age. The feature of the above experiment was the supplementary roasting.

One of the great advantages of stewing is that it affords a means of obtaining a savory and very wholesome dish at a minimum of cost. A small piece of meat may be stewed with a large quantity of vegetables, the juice of the meat savoring the whole. Besides this, it costs far less fuel than roasting.

The wife of the French or Swiss landed proprietor, i. e., the peasant, cooks the family dinner with less than a tenth of the expenditure of fuel used in England for the preparation of an inferior meal. A little charcoal under her *bainmarie* does it all. The economy of time corresponds to the economy of fuel, for the mixture of viands required for the stew once put in, the pot is left to itself until dinner-time, or at most an occasional stirring of fresh charcoal into the embers is all that is demanded.

Found with the Aid of Quicksilver.

A curious story comes from Brentford, England. A servant of Dr. Terry was sent out to carry a message. She was short-sighted, and failing to return, it was feared she had fallen into the canal. It was dragged, but without success. Several days later an old barge woman suggested that a loaf of bread in which some quicksilver had been placed should be floated on the water. This was done, and the loaf became stationary at a certain point. The dragging was resumed at this point and the body found. The superstition is said to be centuries old, but no one had seen it tried there for many a year.

Too Particular.

A tramp called at an up-town residence the other day.

"Gimme somethin' to eat?" he asked.

He was handed a huge chunk of meat and a piece of bread.

"Can't ye gimme a little celery?"

"Celery?" asked the lady.

"Yes, celery. You see, I've got the rheumatiz, and the faculty says celery is just the thing to knock it. I would like a piece of the heart. The inside is the tenderest and best for rheumatiz, because—"

The door was slammed in his face.—*Puck.*

Arlington Advocate

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Marriages and Deaths—free.

It is now generally conceded that Mr. Tobey will receive a reappointment as postmaster of Boston.

The election of a successor to Gov. Robinson in Congress was held Thursday resulting in the election of the Republican candidate Hon. Francis W. Rockwell, by a larger majority than was given to his predecessor at the last election.

The Lynn Item says that the petition of the Soldiers' Home for an appropriation of \$15,000 was presented on Tuesday by Senator Baldwin. This is one of the worthiest charities of the State, and no doubt will receive the favorable consideration it deserves. Last year the resolve passed both branches without opposition, and we hope the matter will be handled this year in such a manner that a like result will follow.

We clip the following from an exchange in regard to our "quite often" correspondent from Chicago:—

"Mr. E. Nelson Blake, who has been honored with the presidency of the Board of Trade in Chicago, was born in West Cambridge—now Arlington—and here was his home. The best of his school advantages were enjoyed with Mr. Daniel C. Brown (now of the Brimmer school, Boston.) After varied and successful business relations in Boston he left for the West, for health as well as business, with marked integrity of character he has inspired that confidence which places him in an honored position among his friends and business associates."

Perhaps it is not generally known that the institution of street cars is a peculiarly American one in conception and development. The first one ever used in the world was built in New York in 1825, by John Stephenson, a veteran builder of horse cars. It consisted of three compartments, each holding 10 persons, and entered by separate doors on the side. There were also seats on top of the car for 30 more persons, and was drawn by two horses. It was not a success at first, but the idea was afterward revived and developed into the modern car. They were introduced in England in 1860 by George Francis Train, but popular prejudice was so strong against them that it caused a suit and the rails were torn up. A great change has taken place since then.

Gen. Dalton, in his annual report as Inspector-General of the State Militia, makes six very good recommendations. He favors erection of permanent kitchens on the camp ground, setting up drill to be required in every armory, armory inspections to take the place of camp inspections, bathing facilities at the camp ground, practice with projectiles by the batteries, rifle practice to form part of routine camp duty and a recognized signal corps. Gen. Dalton is an artilleryist and familiar with every kind of gun and projectile in use. Under his supervision, great progress has been made in the direction of instructing the militia in that branch of the service, and during the coming year further advance may be expected. Rifle practice as a part of camp routine is of the highest importance, and the incorporation of a signal service into the militia should not be neglected. Gen. Dalton gives study and care to his duties, and Gov. Robinson is to be commended for keeping so efficient an Adjutant General in office.

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A well known real estate broker of New Haven, has a valuable letter in another column.

The death of Mr. Charles Delmonico, in New York, was a peculiarly sad one. He was an intimate friend of the Robbins Bros. of that city.

The Great Milk Convention.

What promises to be the largest meeting of farmers ever held in New England and one that should lead to the most important results, is to be held at Horticultural Hall, corner of Bromfield and Tremont Sts., Boston, on Tuesday, Jan. 29, commencing at half-past ten, a. m. It will be the annual meeting of the New England milk producers' association, which is to take the form of a grand mass convention of farmers and all interested in the production of milk for Boston market. It is hoped to arouse an interest among them that shall make the New England milk producers' association a power that can properly represent the farmers in the milk business—that shall assert the rights of producers, induce the cooperation of consumers, and command the respect of contractors. The idea is to make a strong central organization with men and funds to push its membership in every district where milk is made for market, and to form branch organizations in all the milk towns for this purpose.

The farmers of Orange county, N. Y., have successfully accomplished this in the face of far greater obstacles than beset our cause. W. P. Richardson, of Goshen, N. Y., president of the Farmers' milk company of that section, was, and is the leading spirit in this movement. Major Henry E. Alvord, of Houghton farm, Mountville, N. Y., the famous dairy authority who is so well and favorably known in New England, also took a leading part in the successful Orange county "milk war." Dr. H. A. Pooler of the board of health of Goshen, N. Y., was also a prominent actor in this great struggle. All three of these men will address the meeting at Horticultural Hall. They will tell us the means by which the Orange county farmers successfully united to withstand the exactions of unscrupulous New York city milk dealers. How these methods may be applied by Boston producers in dealing with the milk ring of Boston and in assisting to stop the alarming increase in adulteration of milk, will be set forth clearly and forcibly. Secretary John E. Russell, of the Massachusetts state board of agriculture, will also address the meeting and use his influence in promoting the farmers' suit efforts. His excellency Gov. Robinson has been invited and will probably favor the convention with his presence.

Let every farmer and producer of milk for Boston market or who is interested in the growth and prosperity of the dairy industry of southern New England, attend this meeting. Come prepared to join the association. Induce your brother farmers to attend. Let the farmers of New England arouse to the vast importance of intelligent co-operation in the dairy business! Come to this great convention and get the spirit, the zeal, the determination and the knowledge with which only can united effort be secured. "In Union is strength!"

George M. Baker, president, South Lincoln, Mass. Edward P. Smith, secretary, Waltham, Mass.

[Correspondence.]

Miss Allen's Assembly.

One of the most enjoyable soirees that has ever taken place in Union Hall, Arlington Heights, occurred Wednesday evening last, the event being the closing of Mrs. Allen's dancing school, her third annual assembly, and to say that great praise and credit are due to the head of the school would but faintly express the universal sentiments bestowed by the parents and friends of the children gathered to witness the exhibition and pass judgment upon her stewardship and their training during the past quarter. The opening grand march was a brilliant success and called forth rounds of applause. Their dancing, both plain and fancy, especially reflected credit upon the teacher. Not only are they taught how to dance, but their training in society etiquette, how to appear in public, is carefully inculcated into their young minds. The music was by Whidden, assisted by a harp, and of course was all that could be desired. One of the most pleasing features of the occasion was the grace and ease and thorough knowledge of dancing exhibited by some of the smallest, some of whom were only about five years of age. Among them may be mentioned Miss Dora Dwyer, attired in black velvet and white lace, and Master Freddie Allen; they were several times loudly applauded for proficiency in the fancy dances. Mabel Grant, who wore pink satin and white lace, was noticeable for her graceful manners. Miss Mabel Perry, the smallest and youngest Miss on the floor, wore blue cassimere and white lace. Master Johnny Simpson, the smallest and youngest lad, deserves especial mention for his efforts. Miss Eva and Bert Sylvester were highly complimented. Kitty Brookway wore a black velvet skirt and lace overdress, and looked very pretty as well as her sister Jennie, who is a very graceful dancer. Susie and Alice Haskell were both sweetly attired, the former in blue satin and white lace, and the latter in blue silk and white lace. Miss Emily Davis wore garnet velvet and cassimere, Mary Fay looked queenly in blue silk and black velvet; Miss Kate Fuller, one of the prettiest dancers, in white lace. Miss Edith Caswell was handsome in white lace and pink silk, as was also Alice White in white lace. Miss Abbie Bailey wore striped silk and Miss Alice Fay presented a lovely appearance in blue cassimere and white lace. Miss M. Bridgman, in white over pink, was sweetly attired. Miss Esther Bailey, in white dotted muslin, looked pretty as she

always does. The Misses Feakins in white cassimere, looked like young queens. Of the young masters, we have not space to mention them, but have warm praise for their gentlemanly conduct and gallantry, which earned the general praise that was given them. About 10 o'clock refreshments for the children was announced, after which the parents and friends of the scholars joined in the dance which was kept up until the beginning of the small hours. The entire affair was an unqualified success and credit is due almost wholly to Mrs. Allen, who deserves the thanks of the community for this most enjoyable occasion. It is contemplated to give another children's soiree, Feb'y 22, due notice of which will be given. G. H. H.

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OF—
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By virtue of a power of sale contained in a deed of mortgage given by John Fitzgerald and Mary Fitzgerald to Otis S. Brown, Frank H. Marshall and Hiram N. Hutchinson, dated February 25th, 1878, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, in Book 1468, Page 304, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, in said Bedford, on TUESDAY, the 12th day of February, 1884, at 2 o'clock, P. M., a certain farm situated in the westerly part of said Bedford, containing one hundred acres of land, more or less, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the corner of the wall on the south side of the road by the passage-way to the meadow; thence southeasterly with the wall by said way to land formerly of Eliab B. Lane, now of Arnold; thence by land of said Arnold to land of Moses Page; thence southeasterly by said Page's land to a cross ditch; thence by said cross ditch to another ditch; thence by said ditch, at right angles, to land formerly of Doherty; thence by said Doherty's land to the Concord road; thence crossing said road in a straight line to a corner; thence turning and running easterly to land formerly of John Reed; thence by said land formerly of said Reed to a stake and stone in the swamp; thence northerly to a stake in the Mango ditch (so called); thence by said ditch to an old ditch between the farm of George Davis and this farm; thence southeasterly to the road at the bound first mentioned, with the buildings thereon,—with the exception of about ten acres formerly belonging to Benjamin Clark, of New Ipswich, New Hampshire, but now supposed to belong to George Davis, which are not conveyed hereby. Also excepting the school house and land thereto belonging. The said premises are subject to a prior mortgage to secure the payment of one thousand dollars, now or formerly held by Catharine Haynes, of South Acton, being the same premises conveyed to said Mary Fitzgerald by Cyrus Clark and others by deed dated May 1, 1875, and recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds, Book 1348, Page 58.

TERMS:—\$100.00 on day of sale. Balance in 10 days, on delivery of deed.
OTIS S. BROWN,
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HIRAM N. HUTCHINSON,
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SMALL BEGINNINGS OF BEER.

The statistics of the growth of the manufacture and consumption of lager beer in the United States is something astounding. Within 15 years it has grown from thousands of barrels to millions. From being a business scarcely worth mentioning in the statistics, it has come to be one of the leading industries of the country. Stock in beer breweries, which 15 years ago were worthless, is now of immense value. The wealthiest men, as a rule, are the brewers.

This increase is not natural. Beer has not taken the place of whiskey or other stimulants. The consumption of the more potent liquors in the States where it is free is proportionately as great as ever, showing that the increase in consumption of beer is an increase in the use of stimulants. Which is to say, people are drinking beer, who before its introduction and development, drank nothing. Whatever of beer is consumed is just that much added to the sum total of drunkenness. There is a reason for this which we want understood. Beer has never been passive, it has always been aggressive. The demand for it has not had a natural growth,—it has been forced. Had the brewers depended upon the natural demand for beer, 90 per cent. of those whose chimneys are vexing the heavens would be cold and still. The trade has been created. The profits on beer are something enormous. When beer was honestly made it was the most profitable business a man could be engaged in, provided he had a market for his product. But now that the vilest adulterations are common, now that glucose, alcohols and even the extract of hemlock bark are used, with what other abominations the Lord and the brewers only know, the profits on the stuff are more than enormous.

The profits are so large that to make a company rich in five years all that was necessary was to fit stomachs enough for its use. It was only necessary to educate men and boys in its use—not occasionally, but as a regular thing. To this end capital was brought into play. The process was very simple. It was only to establish beer saloons enough, and set enough men at work demoralizing the public. The profit of the brewer lay in the multiplication of saloons. In the cities the brewers opened saloons themselves, putting them in charge of men unscrupulous enough to see that they were kept filled. They made them comfortable, and even pleasant. They provided games which might be played, the stakes being always beer, and some of them kept papers on file for those who cared for papers. They placed one class of saloons in the most public places, and others in quiet, out-of-the-way localities, that all classes might be caught. The laboring man was especially sought after, especially those whose homes were cheerless. They offered him warmth, light and company. They made an especial effort for boys, for upon a boy of sixteen they had a long mortgage. A boy fitted out with an appetite for beer, they could count on for everything he might earn or steal for twenty years. They arrayed themselves politically in a solid phalanx that their places might be the headquarters of politicians, and that beer might be recognized as an element in politics that must be bought and paid for, they made it a political machine to make money out of it. Every candidate who wanted the beer vote, must pay for beer enough to hold it.

In short the brewers assailed society from all sides, and in all ways, but philosophically always. They proceeded upon the principle that a man or boy once in their clutches, they had him safe unless something akin to a miracle should save him. Their philosophy of the business is the correct one that the appetite grows with what it feeds on. The appetite for beer increases with use. The glass to-day calls for two tomorrow, and a dozen in a month. The appetite for stimulants is that which stimulants only will quench. The diseased stomach demands its poison, and in a peremptory fashion that brooks no denial. Once the habit is fixed it is inexorable, and its calls must be met at no matter what sacrifice. The beer seller must lose customers by reformation or death, but all he has to do to keep up his trade is to keep fresh victims in training. This she is sure to do. The statistics of the growth of the business shows the correctness of the theories. Counting in the gambling dens and the houses of prostitution, there are 800 places in the city of Toledo, with a population of 70,000, where beer is sold openly, day and night, Saturdays and week days. The city of Toledo, with a population of 70,000, pays annually for stimulants not less than \$2,500,000. The proportion is the same in all the cities, and will hold good in the country. Any village of 2,500 inhabitants has from 20 to 30 of those vice-vomiting concerns, and the smaller villages are quite as well supplied.

The brewers have done it. They have canvassed the cities and towns and even the country, and wherever a beer shop was not, one has immediately been established, and a man put in charge who would be sure to create a trade. The work of manufacturing drunkards has been made a systematic business, and it has kept pace with the work of supplying the material.

Let this be understood—the beer interest to make a market for its product has been and is in the business of making drunkards. The brewers are not staying quietly, awaiting a demand for their beer, they are at work night and day creating the demand. The brewers of Cincinnati own saloons by the thousand. They have them not only in Cincinnati, but in all the cities and all over the country. They educate men in the business of selling, and establish wherever there is a vacant place, and as the continuance of the Lieutenant depends upon his selling a given amount of beer, it may be depended upon that he is going to sell that amount and as much more as possible. Cards, billiards, dice, and women are brought into requisition; and whatever can be done to demoralize a locality and reduce it to the beer point is done.

Hundreds of thousands of mothers may charge the ruin of their sons to these agencies. Hundreds of thousands of wives may enter up the ruin of their husbands to this infernalism. The jails are crowded with the victims of this diabolical system, and the poor-houses are filled and the police courts are kept busy by them.

The breweries have poured over the country a stream of pauperism and crime which is constantly augmenting. The black river has widened into a lake, the lake is widening into an ocean.

The brewers have too great a money interest in this business to give it up. They not only resent any interference with their traffic, but they insist upon sheltering themselves behind the law. They have a vast political power in their hands, and they have declared their purpose to make the laws of the country. They refuse to submit to any system of license, or any taxation. They demand absolute freedom for the business; freedom without restriction or restraint. They went to the polls last fall on this issue, and by throwing their armies of rag-a-muffin makers and rag-a-muffins into the scale, they carried the State of Ohio, and left their marks upon the State of New York.

What is the end to be? The sober portion of the community must organize against this power. Rum and beer can only be killed at the ballot-box. The beer power must be met and fought that no one interest can control the country, especially the one interest of all others which embodies nothing that is good and everything that is bad. The poor-house and jail filling business, the hangman-employing business,—the one business that demoralizes and destroys cannot be permitted the control of the country. It can be crippled and finally killed if the good people of the country will unite to do it.—*Toledo Blade.*

LIBRARY NOTES.

Cooke, J. E. Virginia, a History of the People. 514.16
"The first volume of a series, 'American Commonwealths,' ed. by H. E. Scudder, narrating the history of such States of the Union as have exerted a positive influence in the shaping of the national government, or have illustrated in a noteworthy degree any distinctive political, social, or economical history."

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Howard, B. W. Guenn, a Wave on the Breton Coast. 410.2
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Markham, R., ed. Chronicle of the Old. 512.39
"From the translation of Southey's the editor has selected large portions, giving the more interesting incidents in the Old's history, and he has now and then inserted descriptions of scenes from the metrical versions of Frere and Ormsby, and added some necessary notes."

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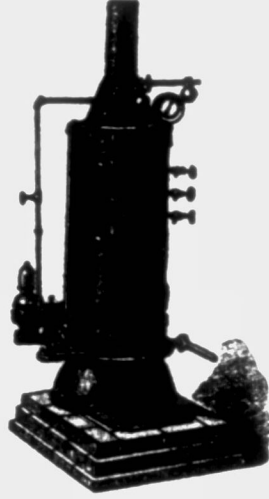
Underwood, F. H. John Greenleaf Whittier, a Biography. 514.93

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THREE STORIES BY HENRY JAMES, of varying lengths, to appear through the year.

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LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington at 7.05, 9.30, a.m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30 p.m. Return at 5.30, 7.45, 9.15, 11.45, 11.30 p.m. Return at 5.30, 7.45, 9.15, 11.45, 11.30 p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 6.30, 7.05, 9.30, a.m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30 p.m. Return at 5.30, 7.45, 9.15, 11.45, 11.30 p.m. Return at 5.30, 7.45, 9.15, 11.45, 11.30 p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR North Avenue at 6.30, 7.05, 9.30, a.m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30 p.m. Return at 5.30, 7.45, 9.15, 11.45, 11.30 p.m. Return at 5.30, 7.45, 9.15, 11.45, 11.30 p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR West Somerville at 6.30, 7.05, 9.30, a.m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30 p.m. Return at 5.30, 7.45, 9.15, 11.45, 11.30 p.m. Return at 5.30, 7.45, 9.15, 11.45, 11.30 p.m.

SUNDAY TRAINS leave Prison Station at 8.45, a.m.; leave Boston at 12.40, p.m.

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FOR SALE BY

THROUGH LIFE.

We slight the gifts that every season bears,
And let them fall unheeded from our grasp.
In our great eagerness to reach and clasp
The promised treasure of the coming years;
Or else we mourn some great good passed
away,
And in the shadow of our grief shut in,
Refuse the lesser good we yet might win,
The offered peace and gladness of to-day.
So through the chambers of our life we pass,
And leave them one by one, and never stay,
Not knowing how much pleasantness there was
In each, until the closing of the door.
Has sounded through the house and died
away,
And in our heart we sigh, "For evermore."

A PROUD WOMAN.

John Vander's sky had always been cloudless. He had seen life through a rose-lined haze, and had walked roughshod over its meadow bloom. Naturally he forgot or never knew that somewhere and sometimes there were sodden paths to tread; that the meadow bloom turned to rustling broomstalks, and the sky to "under-roof of doleful gray." He was sunshiny because he had never peered into the shadows. To have a purse well-filled without knowing who fills it, to open your hand for a gift of fortune and have it drop in carelessly, to win love without seeking it—in short, to play at living is pleasant occupation, but very poor discipline. Perhaps John Vander was a trifle selfish, in spite of his inexhaustible good nature, his intelligence, his invariable "Good form."

Agnes Earle was the sort of girl men call dashing women—out of respect to their own preferences—dare not classify. She had dark and unreadable eyes, matched to a shade by a profusion of crinkled hair, and set off by long, almost curly lashes—lashes that would have made the Sistine Madonna a half coquette. Her complexion was that rich, deep, yet perfectly clear olive one sees more often in the best Spanish portraits than in American life. From remote ancestors she had perhaps Spanish blood in her veins. In figure she was neither so tall as Diana, nor so mature as Juno; neither lithe or willowy described her exactly, though either may help to indicate the subtle something in her carriage which made her as graceful in movement as in repose, in speech as in silence, in alert attention as in self-saturated reverie. Indeed, Agnes Earle would have been almost beautiful if she had no other charm than the wonderfully pretty hands, which had made John Vander fall half in love with her when they first met, and had helped to persuade him that he loved her ever after.

Vander was not exactly handsome. He was fine-looking. One could not but admire his physique, and one could not help noticing, in looking him full in the face, that he had brains.

These two began by liking each other somewhat blindly and altogether unreasonably. He liked in her the brilliancy and dash of her style, the suggestive fluency of her small talk, and above all, her compelling beauty. She liked in him a certain strength, a certain suggestion of restrained power, which seemed to underlie his obvious conceit and his superficial empiricism of thinking, and she liked his open-handedness, his big, brave ways, his love of dogs and horses and of "all outdoors."

These young people were second cousins, but they had not met or known much of each other until he was a man of 26 and she a woman of 19. He had come to California for no good reason—for no reason. One Saturday afternoon, after a week of some comprehensive "doing" of San Francisco, he walked into Richard Earle's study at Berkeley, bearing a note of introduction from Cousin Mary, who lived in Albany. He found a bronzed, grizzled, curt and gruff man, who scowled him a dubious welcome without rising.

"How long have you been in the state, young man?" asked the host.

"Just ten days—two in Sacramento; eight in San Francisco."

"Are you broke?"

"Do you mean out of funds?" asked the guest, smiling in spite of himself.

"I mean broke—b-r-o-k-e; busted, p'raps you say. Come here to borrow?"

"No, thank you. I came to pay my respects, and wish you a very good day." And second cousin Vander, turning on his heel, quietly left the room.

In the hall he was arrested by the unmistakable rustle of feminine drapery just in time to avoid a collision with a lady.

"I beg your pardon," he said rather stiffly.

"Have you been quarreling with papa?"

The young lady smiled while she asked the question, and all the stiffness had gone from his voice as he replied: "Not exactly; I am a cousin of your father's—of yours too, by the way—and I had come to be very civil to my relative. Your father thought I had come to borrow money."

He had forgotten his anger; forgotten that he ought to have been in full retreat.

"Come back with me, and let me explain. I'll make him apologize. Our cousin must not go away in such a fashion, with the afternoon sun about to go down upon his wrath. I don't wonder you were angry, but then, 'twas only father."

"Your cousin had much rather accept the family apology from you," said Vander, laughing. "However, I'll go back and try and explain that I'm not 'broke.'"

Agnes led the way, and marched straight to her father's side. She bent and kissed him lightly, and then standing directly in front of him, she shook at him one taper finger, saying, with an inimitable drawl, "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Why didn't he come here at once, then," snarled the bronzed grizzled.

"Ah, ha! and that's the reason you send our cousin away with your awful bluntness. Now please understand, Da"—she called him "Da"—"that I shall permit no such high-handed acting. Come here, cousin, and notice how meekly he shakes hands."

By this time both men were laughing, and Agnes smiled complacently and left the room. The second cousin masculine shook hands and the elder soon became interested in news from his old home. When Miss Earle re-entered the room, an hour later, she saw that the cousins were on the best of terms with each other, and judiciously invited the young man to go out on the porch with her and watch one of their show sunsets. "Judiciously!" means that the wise young woman did not intend that the others should have a chance to become bored with each other.

From being a mere looker-on in Vienna, Vander became enamored of "our glorious climate," and resolved, with the calm, far-seeing discretion of twenty-six, to invest the major portion of his fortune in California securities. Fortunately Richard Earle was a wise mentor. No one knew the ins and outs of San Francisco trade better than he, and Vander managed to steer clear of Pine street, and locked most of his money into the walls of a big bonded warehouse. From being enamored of our state and our climate, it was easy enough to fall in love with one of our loveliest girls; and before their knowledge of each other had lasted a year, Agnes made herself believe that she loved him well enough to become his wife, and all this with the full consent of gruff Richard Earle.

At a point on the lowest shelf of the Berkeley foothills, about midway between the South Hall of the University and the grounds of the State Institute for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind is a covered cistern, in which is gathered the outflow of a dozen mountain springs. This point is the vantage ground of a superb outlook. To the south, the farthest visible horizon is marked by the rounded shoulders of Loma Prieta, ten miles southwest of San Jose. To the north, in the farthest discernible distance, are the low hills between Petaluma and Santa Rosa, a waving line of deepest indigo at the base of the blue sky. There are three evenings in October and three in April, when, looking from Berkeley, the sun sets directly behind the Farallones, and against its exaggerated and distorted disk the curious clusters of black rocks stand out like silhouettes.

It lacked less than an hour of sunset when Agnes climbed to the little knoll and stood beside the queer, cone-shaped cistern roof. The fair scape of land and sea and sky unrolled like a scroll from her very feet, west and south and north.

A little path meandered at an upward angle around a southerly curve in the broad hillside. Along this path came a young man, with a dog at his heels and a gun under his arm. It was John Vander, trudging home from a contraband sally after unlawful wing-shots. Agnes did not heed his approach, and he leaned against the fence scarcely a rod away, with the dog at his feet and a cigar in his mouth.

It is idle to try and attain the impossible—to put into accurate thinking and tangible words the loveliness of that evening scene. Looking due south, over the apparently perfectly level of Oakland and Alameda, the southern arm of the bay, which gleams under the morning sun like a narrow silver ribbon that a boy might jump across, was a river of indigo, with scarcely a visible ripple on all its surface. A wall of smoke arose above the houses of the city; its base in gloom, its coping lighted with yellow flame.

"I like it, Agnes; do you?"

Agnes turned at the sound of his voice, and there was a trace of dissatisfaction in her tones of welcome.

The young man would have been dull indeed if he had not noticed, and spiritless if he had not been piqued. "You surely don't wish to keep the picture quite to yourself, do you?"

"No, it was the immediate foreground only that I cared to monopolize."

"Cared is past tense, Agnes."

"Care, then."

"Care then 'isn't grammar."

She looked at him disdainfully for an instant, and then looked another way.

"You will be sorry for this sometime," the young man said, quietly but very gravely. "If I have offended you, let me know how; I'm always ready enough to apologize, am I not?"

"Too ready."

"Too ready?"

"Yes. I am as tired of this interminable scene-making as you can possibly be—this 'kiss and make up' condition of affairs. We are engaged; we have exchanged vows and rings and sophistries—"

"Sophistries?"

"Yes; have we not declared over and over again that we love each other above all else? It is an error. Each of us loves his own way better than sweetheart or lover. Is it not so?"

"For you, possibly; not for me."

If she had looked more closely at him as she spoke, she would have noticed that his face wore an expression she had never before seen. John Vander's forehead carried a frown as black as the shadows of the forest hillsides above San Pablo, and there was the precise sort of glitter in his brown eyes that the usual fictionist describes as "baleful." But she did not notice; and when he said, slowly and painfully, as if every word cost him a moment of physical pain, "Do you want your freedom back again, Agnes?" she answered him, with the defiant ring of assured proprietorship in her lark-like voice:

"Why, yes, for a while, if you please."

"It shall be until you please to tire of it," was all he said.

He strode down the hillside slope without a single good-bye, and she continued to stand with a scornful smile,

while the afterglow faded out of the sky. But the smile faded with the waning flush in the western skies, and with the darkness came a sudden dread—a dread she had not known or dreamed of. "Will he ever come back?" she thought. "Will he?" she said aloud. An obtrusive hoot-owl screeched a shrill reply, and the proud girl found it anything but reassuring.

She had been so sure of John Vander's love, had taken it so for granted, that no daring seemed too great. She had thought it did not greatly matter how courtship fared, since marriage would be master on the morrow. She was prepared to be to her husband all that a wife ought to be; but to abate one jot of her freedom in compliance to her betrothed—that was another matter.

The morrow came and the to-morrow's morrow; but John Vander did not come with them. One day Agnes went to her father's study. In her eyes were unwonted tears. She told him everything. He waited until she stopped crying; then he said—and though the words were the words of Richard the Bear, the tones of his voice had in them all the tenderness of the father—"It will serve you right if you two never meet again; but you will."

The whistle of the midnight locomotive startled the echoes asleep in the Madera freight house; in the freight house, because there was nothing else in Madera big enough to harbor an echo. First-class passengers sleep aboard trains on the first stage of the Yosemite trip. Richard Earle had been asleep in his section three hours. What to him was the yellow moonlight that shone on an ocean of yellow grain? But for Richard Earle's travelling companion there was no sleep while that moonlight lasted. It was to Agnes a new glamour; and of glamour she had but little in the two years then past. She was a proud girl, and braver than most; but the prolonged and unexplained absence of her lover had been no passing grief. If the world did not suspect, if even her father did not fully know, the brown eyes of John Vander would have winced for his unforgiveness could he have looked into hers for a glance's span. Ill she was not; sad she was not. But in her eyes was a weary look that the world never noticed, and beneath her vigorous health was a nervous, craving unrest that even her father never saw.

When the train drew up to the station, Agnes still sat in her open section, peering with longing eyes into wonderland. Half an hour after the train had settled itself for the night, a tall girl in brown linen and Cruikshank sunshade was walking alone down the track towards Merced, with her feet in the fairy light (and the cinder dust of the uneven road-bed), following the waning moon.

"I wonder if it would be imprudent as well as improper to go to sleep in the wheat, Ruth-like and romantic?"

She spoke aloud, but nothing in the profound stillness answered her. The moon had touched the far horizon, silencing the crests of the west side-hills. Despite herself, the girl was a trifle tired and very sleepy.

"Are these poppies in the wheat?" she asked herself, smiling. "What if I go to sleep for just five minutes, who shall say me nay—or care?"

It was a long five minutes. The first meadow-lark stayed his shrill matins lest he should waken her; and a tall young man on a piebald mare checked his gallop with startled abruptness to see a woman's figure in a linen dress, asleep—or dead—by the supervisor's highway.

The piebald mare stood still, nibbling the milky wheat. The young man approached the recumbent folds of linen, half hidden under the Cruikshank hat. Quite as a matter of course he knelt beside her, and gently pushed back the broad brim of the big hat. The first ray of the rosy morning fell upon the sleeping face. The eyes of the young man opened their widest in recognition. Then the eyes of the young woman opened also, only to close again as she murmured something he could not catch. He bent more near. Surely, it was in a dream she spoke:

"And you have come back to me at last—to hear me say I am sorry."

You ask, Where was her woman's pride, that she gave back her freedom without the asking? That, young gentlemen and misses, is something no one may answer for any one else.

Perhaps Richard the Bear was not so phenomenally cool as he looked when he said to truant and captor an hour later, "Where the deuce have you two been, anyhow?"—Overland.

What Gamblers Put Their Money In.

"I'll take this one." The lounge of the St. Louis Post Dispatch says that the speaker was a neatly-dressed young man, with a slightly rakish air, and he placed his forefinger on a diamond cluster-pin about an inch in diameter. It was a costly and flashing piece of jewelry. When the purchase had been made the diamond merchant turned to me and remarked: "That was a gambler. That pin will help him in his business, and when he wants to sell it he can make double money on it. It is a good investment. The fact is, diamonds are good investments for anybody, because they always command a fair money value. There is no such thing as a second-hand diamond."

Too Shocking for Anything.

"Isn't it shocking?" she said to George.

"Isn't what shocking, dear?" asked George, tenderly.

"Oh, I just think it is the most shocking thing I ever heard of!"

"What is it? Pray tell me what it is that is so shocking," cried George, wild with curiosity.

"Electricity, love."—Philadelphia Call.

WORTH MORE THAN GOLD.

AND YET ONE OF THE CHEAPEST ARTICLES IN DAILY USE.

The Ancient and Modern History of Salt—Its Many Uses and Where It Is Obtained—A Great Industry.

The history of the "salt of the earth" is coeval with the earliest evolutions. Elisha, with salt, healed the unwholesome waters; and to this day the cultured Israelite of Europe blesses salt at the last meal on the eve of his Sabbath, and then distributes it among his guests and family. He uses it freely at the celebration of the Rosh Hashana, or New Year, Jom Kipur, or the Feast of Reconciliation, and Louthos, or Feast of Tabernacles. It is a strict requirement of the Jewish religion that any slaughtered meat be soaked in brine for an hour.

Salt was used by the earlier Egyptians in fertilizing the famous soil of the Nile lands. It entered largely into the religious ceremonies of many people, and we find it mentioned in the hymn Rig Veda of the Brahmins, the Dhammapada of the Buddhists, the Zend Avesta of Zoroaster, the Analects of Confucius, the Koran of the Mussulman, the Talmud of the Israelite, and the Divine Pyramider of the Egyptians.

The Arabs have always regarded the giving of salt to their guests as the first and greatest requisite of hospitality. Give a grain of salt to a Mohammedan, and for the twenty-four hours that it remains in his body your person and property are sacred in his sight, though you be his deadliest enemy.

At the late grand Oriental ceremony of crowning the emperor of Russia, the blessing and distribution of salt were marked features.

In the works of all the classical writers frequent mention is made of salt and its many uses. The "Attic salt" of Greece is historical as the synonym of wit. Cicero said of a statement of dubious correctness, that it was to be taken cum grano salis—"with a grain of salt." Pliny compares a precious stone to a scintillating grain of salt. Cornelius Nepos uses salt as a synonym for good taste.

The Romans regarded a salt mine as giving extra value to a conquered territory, and in Hungary, even to the present day, the very mines opened by the Romans are still in working order. The mines at Chester, England, were also discovered and worked by the Roman conquerors. Livy speaks of the salt works founded by Ancus Martius at Ostia, and Caesar also mentions them.

Horace writes of the Salinum or salt cellar as an heirloom, one of the sacred Lares and Penates or household gods, and Livy refers to it as being used at all sacrifices.

In the feudal period the salt cellar on the table was the line of demarcation between the patrician and plebeian, the former being seated above and the latter below it.

Among all races the spilling of the salt cellar is ominous of a quarrel or other misfortune. In cases of such accidents the French invariably throw three pinches over the left shoulder or sprinkle a little on a fire to avert the ill omen.

The ancient laws of the Spartans forbade the giving of salt to criminals, deeming this one of the greatest punishments to which they could be subjected; and the judges of Athens, by whom the almost inspired Socrates was condemned, and who were afterwards censured for their action, were debarred the use of salt during the remainder of their lives.

All the diamonds that ever came from the mines of Golconda—all the gold, silver, coal, iron and other metals that lie hidden in the bowels of the earth—all can be dispensed with in the extreme necessities of nations and people; but not so salt. It is their superior in that it is an absolute necessity, without which existence would be difficult and many of the dearest viands that ever tempted the palate of a gourmand would lose their flavor.

The London Lancet, in a recent issue, says: "Salt is the most widely distributed substance in the body. It exists in every fluid and in every solid, and not only is it everywhere present, but in almost every part it constitutes the largest part of the ash when any tissue is burned. In particular, it is a constant constituent of the blood, and it maintains in it a proportion that is almost wholly independent of the quantity that is consumed with the food—the blood will take up so much and no more, however much we may take with the food; and, on the other hand, if none be given, the blood parts with its natural quantity slowly and unwillingly."

Salt is used as a curative for dyspepsia. It is an emetic, a styptic, and a spoonful of dry salt will sometimes stop a hemorrhage. It is effectually applied to sprains and bruises, and is often used in cases of intermittent fever. In small doses it is a stimulant tonic, and in larger quantities a purgative and emetic.

So great is the desire of animals for salt that they make regular trips to the places where it is to be had. This accounts for the so-called buffalo, deer, sheep and cow-leeks so numerous throughout the country, and it is a well-attested fact that many discoveries of natural salt reservoirs by man are due to this cause.

Salt is produced, first, from sea water by solar evaporation; second, from lagoons, part solar and part steam evaporation; third, from solidified rock; fourth, from springs and wells varying in depth from 200 to 1200 feet, whence it is pumped into large vats and kiln dried.

Asia is a large producer of salt. In China there is a continuous chain of salt wells all through the country, at a distance of 50 miles from one another. The lands are irrigated by these wells, and are so fertile that they produce crops that are the wonder of

the world. Java followed her example, and immense crops of coffee were the result. In Siberia and Tartary the plains are covered with saline incrustations. There are some 50 salt lakes in Persia, which contain brine of extraordinary strength. In Palestine the waters of the Dead Sea contain unusual saline properties.

There are extensive tracts of salt lands and beds of rock salt in Africa, also. Honolulu is likewise a large producer, and ships the article in great quantities to San Francisco.

At Cracow, in Poland, there are salt mines 270 miles in extent, in whose dark interior thousands of people pass their lives. Within their precincts is a lofty cathedral dedicated to St. Anthony. The entire building, altar, statues, columns, pulpit and all, is built of solid rock salt. The imperial family frequently visits these mines, which are then illuminated, and festivals held within their limits. The kings of Poland derived their chief revenue from these mines, and depended upon them for the doweries of their queens and the endowment of their convents and other religious institutions.

Soon after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers the eastern portion of the Atlantic coast became dotted with factories for the making of salt by solar evaporation, and some vestiges of this industry are still to be found upon the Massachusetts coast.

Virginia had salt works at Cape Charles as early as 1630, and in 1689 some enterprising colonists began to develop those of South Carolina, which later on assumed such importance that the colonial authorities enacted special laws for the encouragement of the industry.

In the Northern States the Jesuit, Lemoine, discovered the Onondaga salt mines as far back as the year 1700, and immediately thereafter the Indians opened up a profitable traffic in this article with Quebec and Montreal.

Some conception of the extent to which these mines have been developed may be gained from the statement that while their product in 1788—less than a century ago—was only 100 barrels, it has now attained the enormous figure of nearly 2,000,000 barrels annually.

From 1830 to 1859 Michigan struggled in her efforts to utilize her salt wells, without avail. In the latter year the Legislature of that State decreed a bounty of ten cents per bushel. Since then its product in quantity and quality has excelled that of every other State in the Union. The annual production of the first date above was 400 barrels; now it exceeds 13,000,000 bushels.

During the Civil War the South had to rely upon the springs at Saltillo, Washington county, Va., and a few other places within its borders for its supplies of salt; and a cargo of salt was regarded as one of the most valuable that a blockade-runner could bring in. In 1864, after General Stoneman made his raid upon the saltworks in Washington county, the inhabitants were compelled to dig up the earth of their old smoke-houses and wash out the residuum of salt therein, and the Confederate army found it necessary to send relays of men to the Florida coast to furnish them with a regular supply.

Some idea of the vast amount of salt used annually can be formed when we bear in mind the fact that the consumption per capita in the United States is estimated at 60 pounds; in Great Britain 25, and in France 20 pounds. The famous wool-growing merino sheep of Spain are estimated as consuming 25 pounds each year—as much as is consumed by the average Briton.—New York Truth.

Women in the Mint.

Fifty females employed in the mint at San Francisco are called adjusters, and their pay is \$2.75 a day, counting week days and all holidays but Sundays. Their hours are from eight o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon, with the exception of Saturdays, when they cease at two o'clock. These adjusters occupy two large rooms on the second floor of the mint. One is one used for the adjustment of silver and the other for that of gold. The floors are carpeted, and each lady has a marble-top table, a pair of scales, and a fine, delicate file. Before the gold is turned over to them to be adjusted, it goes through the process of being rolled, annealed, cut and washed. They then take it in a state called "blanks," that is, perfectly smooth, and the weighing is done. It is weighed to see if each piece be of standard weight, which must be 412 1-2 grain for a silver dollar, a slight discrepancy being allowed on either side. If a coin be found outside the limit after being weighed by an adjuster, it is returned; if too light, it is condemned and must be remelted; if too heavy, it is filed to its proper weight. This is the ladies' work, and an interesting sight it is to watch the small white fingers deftly handling the shining pieces. A room near the adjusting room has been set aside for the ladies, who use it for a lunch room; two long tables are provided, and a janitress furnishes boiling water for making tea, and also keeps the place neat and clean. Several of the ladies have been in the mint for many years.

Too Shocking for Anything.

"Isn't it shocking?" she said to George.

"Isn't what shocking, dear?" asked George, tenderly.

"Oh, I just think it is the most shocking thing I ever heard of."

"What is it? Pray tell me what it is that is so shocking," cried George, wild with curiosity.

"Electricity, love."—Philadelphia Call.

Fasting from four to eight days with only water and lemonade at intervals, is the latest "sure" cure for rheumatism.

BLACK BIRCH.

Are there black birch trees growing in the far-off woods, I wonder,
With a wealth of balmy essence in their branches lithe and strong?
In the spring-time do the children reach with eager hands to plander,
While the quiet woodland arches ring with laugh and shout and a song.

I can see an old gray schoolhouse with a ledge and wood beside it,
And the rumbled, mossy pasture-land runs close up to its door;
While away back in the greenness, with a tuft of fern to hide it,
And a flash like purest crystal, a spring bubbles and runs o'er.

There's a battered tin-cup hanging on a drooping bough close by it,
Where the sunlight comes in flickers and the shadows gather dim.
Oh, the rush of childish footsteps when at recess time they spy it!
Oh, the flash of cooling water! Oh, the warm lips at its brim!

Then the pulling at the birches, the delightful swish and rustle,
And the cracking of the tender twigs, the noisy bursts of glee;
When the sharp rap on the window calls—oh, what a merry tussle
In the filling-out of pockets so that no sharp eye may see!

The dark room grows strongly cheerful as the little smugglers gather,
And a spicy, woody fragrance penetrates its dingy nooks.
Ah, how sly the rodents nibble, while they make a vain endeavor
To appear absorbed in gleaning from the wisdom of their books!

When the daily tasks are ended, and, with dinner-baskets swaying,
All the little folks bound homeward, and the house is left in gloom,
Then across the teacher's weary face a pleasant smile is straying
As she brushes out the litter with her clumsy hemlock broom.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Although the lower animals cannot talk, they are nearly all tail-bearers.—*Old City Blizzard.*

Candor.—Insulted Gentleman: "You are indebted to my cowardice, you young scoundrel, that I don't knock you down."—*Puck.*

There is a man in Pittsburgh so fond of "flash" literature that he won't read anything but a powder magazine.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

Last year England imported over eight hundred million eggs. She not only means to be mistress of the sea, but boss of the hatchway.—*Hartford Post.*

A beautiful maid in Bismarck, When the lamp was turned down for a spark, Smuggled up to her Fred, And tremblingly said, "I always feel skered in the dark!"

A Burlington boy sent for a fifty-cent watch, and received a sun-dial. He has named it "Faith," because faith without works is dead.—*Free Press.*

There is a tenement house in New York in which are 110 families. Those living next to the roof boast of their belonging to the upper 110.—*Boston Transcript.*

A scientific writer says the American today is not the bilious man of fifty years ago. No! The bilious man of fifty years ago succumbed to the doctors long ere this.—*Boston Post.*

Let us have more cream pie. Could anything be simpler than the following recipe, which we clip from an exchange: "Take cream enough to fill a dish, add eggs and flavor to the taste."

Matthew Arnold was, it is stated, surprised at not being met in New York by Indians. If the Indians had ever read any of his poetry they would have doubtless met him there.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Smith (ruffled): "Hello, Jones: I'm glad to see you." Jones, pretending not to recognize Smith for fear he'd tap him for a loan: "My dear sir, you have the advantage of me." "Yes, 'most any one has who possesses ordinary intelligence."—*The Hoosier.*

"Who was that man who just passed?" said Blinks to his friend, with whom he was walking down town. "You mean the one who called me by my first name?" "Yes; rather familiar, I should say." "Oh, that's nothing strange; he's my barber."—*Lowell Citizen.*

"Give me," said the schoolmaster, "a sentence in which the words 'a burning shame' are properly applied." Immediately the bright boy at the head of the class went to the blackboard and wrote: "Satan's treatment of the wicked is a burning shame."—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

It is very often that you see a young lady turn around to see what a lady friend has on when they pass on the street. But about the only man who takes the trouble to wheel around and look at a fellow pedestrian is the tailor who is anxious to get a glimpse of the creditor who is airing one of his hung-up suits.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Gracious, Henry!" exclaimed an Austin lady to her husband, "you didn't drink all that bottle of claret alone, did you?" "Alone, darling!" replied Henry. "Oh, no; I didn't drink it alone. I had just taken two toddies and a rum punch before I tackled the claret. I thought the claret itself might be a little lonesome."—*Texas Siftings.*

Petering Out.

Nevada is said to be gradually "petering out," so to speak. Her population has dwindled to 62,000, which makes her the most thinly inhabited state in the Union; the big residences at Virginia City and Gold Hill, which cost immense sums of money, are being torn down and used for firewood, and the rich deposits of ore, out of which such great fortunes were being made a few years ago, have nearly all been exhausted. The state has no agricultural possibilities, and unless she can find a way to utilize her deposits of salt, sulphur and borax, must soon cease to produce anything worth mentioning.

MIMICS AMONG ANIMALS.

BIRDS, FISHES AND INSECTS THAT ARE ABLE TO CHANGE COLOR.

Moths that Can Disappear Under Their Pursuer's Eyes—Some Wonderful Imitations of Form.

"Look out!" said a naturalist to a New York *Sun* reporter who was about to sit down in an olive-green plush chair. An investigation of the seat brought to light a green snake of the exact hue of the plush, coiled up and fast asleep.

"Pull up another chair," said the snake owner with a laugh.

The reporter picked his way across the room stepping on a horned toad that was huddled close to some Turkish figures on a rug, only to find the back of another chair occupied by a bright green lizard from South Carolina. A third trial, however, was successful.

"No," said the naturalist, who was busy with a microscope, "they have not moved the Zoological Garden up here, but I have quite a good display, though on a smaller scale. The difficulty you had in seeing the snake and anolis, and the fact of your stepping on the toad, are illustrations of the success of my experiments.

"If you have ever thought particularly on the matter," he continued, pouring a little carmine into a sea of radiolarians, "you must have noticed that in all nature there is a strong tendency to adaptation to locality. This is especially so in regard to color, and often true as to form. The little snake that you came near sitting on is a perfect mimic of the rich green grass in which it is found, and you would never suspect its presence if you did not see it move. I am confident that it can adapt itself to darker or lighter shades. This morning I had it in a light-green cushion, and in a few minutes it adapted itself to it so that it was almost invisible, and now you see it has assumed an entirely different hue."

"Is the change a physiological secret?"

"Not at all. We have well-defined ideas concerning it. In the first place, we know that many animals change their color at a moment's notice, especially fishes and reptiles. Among the former the stickleback, perch, seran and dolphin are the most remarkable. In many this change is evidently made at the option of the fish. This is also true of the reptiles, and now for the explanation. Here is a microscopic section of a frog's skin. You see it consists of two distinct portions, the epidermis and the cutis. The former is made up of cells, while the latter contains nerves, fibers and cavities for cell elements. These cells are filled with pigment or coloring matter, and are known as chromatophores, and to their contraction and expansion is due the coloring of various animals, for all, from man down, have them, differing in color in different individuals and in various parts of the body. Different colors or degrees of intensity seem to cause a contraction or expansion of the cells. Thus, in the Gobies, the pigment cells, that are yellow when distended, assume an orange-colored hue when contracted, and the orange or red cells when shrunk become brown, or black, as the case may be. Now, when a fish that habitually lives on a white bottom passes on to a black one the change is conveyed by the eye to the brain, and telegraphed, so to speak, to the pigment cells by way of what are called the sympathetic nerves, and the change is produced.

"How do we know this? By watching a blind fish pass from one colored ground to another. In such a case there is no change at all. The eye is the medium, yet there is probably no intelligent appreciation on the part of the animal that the change has been made. The experiments with the sympathetic nerves are very remarkable. By cutting one a fish has been shown spotted on one side and striped on the other, and, in fact, the coloring is at the will of the skilled anatomist. The anolis, our common Southern lizard, that seems to take the place of the chameleon, is the most wonderful in its power of changing color, adapting itself to a variety of hues.

"But probably the most striking mimics are those that imitate other objects and animals in form. Here," he continued, taking out a large steel engraving, "is a fish allied to our Lophius that was captured by the Challenger on her famous trip. You see, it is all covered with barbels of flesh that exactly resemble seaweed, both in shape and color, and when clinging to the bottom it is perfectly invisible so to speak. A number of our fishes are equally protected. Here is a sea horse that has recently been discovered in Australian waters. It has a prehensile tail, and clings like a ring-tailed monkey to the seaweed, and from its back and tail at intervals these long, pinkish streamers float, exact in their imitation of the surrounding weed. Other sea horses have more delicate ornaments that look like fine lace or streamers, and so escape detection.

"Among insects there are even more striking examples. Here is a caterpillar that I received from China. The finder informs me that when aroused it imitates a small shrew, so that birds that are following it suddenly draw off, when the inoffensive creature stops and raises its head which appears to lengthen out and widen, assuming a ferocious aspect. Many insects resemble leaves and sticks, and one so resembles a pink shield that it is with great difficulty distinguished from the flower. This is a defense from large enemies, but small fry taking it for a flower, come near and are caught, so that its mimicry serves two ends—as a decoy and a protection.

"Among moths the cases of mimicry are often perfect, and I have seen them directly in front of me and been unable to perceive them for a few

moments. The little moths of the genus *Alucita* are remarkable for their imitation of the down of thistles and various plants. Their wings are beautifully frayed and silvered, and they come tumbling and rolling toward you, occasionally gently alighting on the bushes, and you would almost always take them for the innocent down of some plant. A still more wonderful insect mimic is the orange-tipped butterfly. When outspread and during flight it is very conspicuous, but when in the bushes it frequents, with its wings folded, it finds perfect protection in its resemblance to the flowers. In fact, persons who have been pursuing it have been astonished at its disappearance right under their fingers. In India there are butterflies that are exact in their imitation of flowers and leaves. Not only is the color imitated, but the spots of mildew that are common on leaves at certain times.

"Here is a lizard," the naturalist continued, taking down a specimen that was preserved in alcohol, "and is one of the most remarkable known. It is one of the Geckos, and its tail is a perfect mimic of the palm trees upon which the animal feeds. You see the ridges and the frayed ends are just the same; in fact they seem made for each other. Here is another, called the Leaf-tailed Gecko; its tail resembling a leaf so exactly that even experts are deceived. The animal when observed creeps upon the under surface of the limb and holds up its tail, that exactly resembles a leaf growing on the limb. When hard-pushed the animal has another expedient. Finding itself cornered by a bird or larger animal of any kind, it gives a jerk to its tail and throws it off to a distance of several inches, and there it leaps and tosses about, attracting the attention of a pursuer until the lizard has escaped."

"But this would only serve for one attack," suggested the reporter.

"That is the strangest part of it," was the reply. "The tail grows again, and not only that, but two tails often appear, giving the creature a most strange appearance. Another Gecko is luminous at night, a protection that frightens off its foes and attracts its food—insects. Birds are also protected; their eggs invariably match the ground, and are spotted with different colors to make them in general inconspicuous. Many of the northern animals are white, as the young and defenseless seals, the bear, and arctic fox; and a great many birds and animals change to dark in summer, to match the vegetation, and when the ground is covered with snow assume a pure white hue. The ermine and ptarmigan are familiar examples. In fact, this mimicry is nature's endowment to her defenseless dependents."

The Lesson of Peter Cooper's Life.

In a paper on Peter Cooper, in the *Century*, the writer, Mrs. Susan N. Carter, says: "The highest lesson taught by Mr. Cooper was the lesson of his own life. As much as, or more than any one I ever knew, Mr. Cooper solved the problem, 'Is life worth living?'"

"Observing him carefully for a long series of years, it appeared that certain parts of his nature were cultivated intentionally, as the result of a wisdom which discriminated what was really worthy caring for from what was not worthy of pursuit. Personal ambitions or selfish aims had no weight with him, and disappointments and annoyances which would have left deep wounds with many passed off from him with scarcely an observation. He was most kind and loving; but if he was usefully employed, no domestic loss or separation from friends seemed to touch his happiness seriously. He spoke often of his preference for plain living, and his habits were as simple as those of a child. Love of pomp or display never touched him in the slightest, and he had an innocent openness of character which concealed nothing. Never, under any circumstance, did he show a particle of malignity, revenge, or meanness. If people disappointed him, he passed over the wound it made and let his mind dwell on something more satisfactory. Swedenborg's phrase, 'the wisdom of innocence,' often occurred to my mind in observing Mr. Cooper. He knew what was wise, and to that his heart was given. Sensitive as any young man in all works of sympathy or kindness, the mean and bad ways of the world fell off from his perception."

"So his life passed in New York and in the Cooper Union, serene, happy, and contented. With honor, love, obedience, hosts of friends, he was an example and encouragement to those who had not gained the quiet heights on which his inner self habitually dwelt."

Illuminating Battle Fields.

An interesting night experiment has been conducted on the race course at Vienna, near the electrical exhibition. The volunteers of the association for the saving of life lit up an imaginary battle field, in order to prove the advantages of reflectors in finding the wounded. The crown prince and several of the archdukes were present, with a number of officers. By means of the great reflector of Messrs. Egger, placed above the entrance door of the rotunda, some 60 medical students lying about, representing wounded men, were picked up, 100 members of the volunteer fire brigade transporting them to the wagons in less than a quarter of an hour.

Wife, to husband: "I want you to give John a good scolding this morning, dear." Husband: "A good scolding! Why, my dear, I have no fault to find with John. Isn't he a good, faithful servant?" Wife: "Yea, he is a good enough servant and all that, but I want him to beat a lot of carpet, and he won't do it half hard enough if he is not right mad."—*Philadelphia Call*.

"When His Heart Thawed Out."

One day two or three years ago a gruff old man, hard-hearted and given to drink, and living alone in a house on Gratiot street, found a crippled boy nine or ten years of age crying in front of his door. It was his way to curse children and drive them away, but in this instance hesitated kindly to the lad, and even sympathized with him. For that once his hardened heart seemed to thaw out, and men who noticed his kind action wondered greatly.

By and by the crippled boy, known as Jackie, seemed to grow into the old man's heart and spent hours with him at his house. He was, so far as any one could remember, the first and only human being to say a kind word for gruff old Ben.

When the old man fell sick a few weeks ago nobody missed him for several days. Indeed, no one cared much whether he was sick or well, but some one interested himself enough to discover that the sick man was being nursed by the cripple. The days and nights must have been terribly lonely to the lad, but he was faithful to the last. The other morning he quietly announced to the neighbors that old Ben was dead. Those who went in found the rooms in neat order, the dead man lying as if asleep, and the money to bury him was safe in an old wallet in the bureau. When they asked Jackie about it he explained: "He died as easy as a baby. Long at first he used to curse and swear about his sickness, but after a while he let me read the Bible to him, and sometimes I saw tears in his eyes."

"Folks thought him a hard man," "But he wasn't. When his heart thawed out he was like a child. One day I brought him from the chest a lot of old letters, the photograph of a woman and baby, and he cried over them. I guess they were dead, and I guess he had had lots of trouble."

"Did he die easy?"

"Just like going to sleep," answered the lad. It was just at daylight, I sat by the bed and had fallen asleep when he put off his hand and whispered: 'Jackie, I'm dying.' With that I jumped up to do something, but he said it was too late. There was a great change in him. All the hardness had gone out of his face, his eyes had a kind look, and the boys who used to be afraid of him wouldn't have known him for the same man. I was reading to him from the old Bible, when all at once his fingers let go of my hand and he was dead."

"And then?"

The boy turned away and wept. From the day gruff old Ben had addressed him a kind word the prayers of a child pleading for a wicked man had been heard in Heaven. He had prayed for him in life and after death, and if the prayer had not brought that peaceful look to the white, dead face, what else could have done it?—*Free Press*.

Under the head of "Traders and Dealers"—meaning commission men, middle-men, brokers and speculators—the United States census gives 481,450 as the total number in the country.

The Crow Indians are estimated to be worth \$2500 each in land.

Gone Never to Return.

GARDNER, Me.—Mr. Daniel Gray, a prominent lumber merchant, writes that his wife had severe rheumatic pains; so severe as to render her unable to sleep. From the first application of the famous German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, she experienced unspeakable relief, and in two hours the pain had entirely gone.

The valuation of property in New York city is as great as that of London.

Who has not seen the fair, fresh young girl transformed in a few months into the pale, haggard, disfigured woman? Her eyes are dimmed, and the ringing laugh heard no more. Too often the cause are disorders of the system which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would remedy in a short time. Remember, that the "Favorite Prescription" will unfailingly cure all "female weaknesses, irregularities and diseases." By all druggists. Send three stamps for Dr. Pierce's treatise on Diseases of Women (60 pages). Address World's Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

ILLINOIS has 409 cheese factories and creameries.

Does your heart ever seem to stop and you feel a death-like sensation, do you have sharp pains in the region of your heart? You have heart disease. Try Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. \$1 per bottle.

HALY the ills we heard in our hearts are ills because we heard them.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness." Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By all druggists.

It is upon the smooth ice we slip; the roughest path is the safest.

"We know heart disease can be cured, why! Because, thousands say they have used Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator, and know it does cure."—*Plymouth News*, \$1 per bottle at druggists.

TRUTH and confidence are the only basis on which we can rest.

The Bileuses, or constipated, should address, with two stamps for pamphlet, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

So long as we live in this world we cannot be without trouble. In another column will be found the advertisement of the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, offering \$50,000 in presents to new subscribers. This publication ranks among the best and handsomest of family and agricultural papers, and its proprietors are fully able to carry out any offer they may make. An award of \$40,000 was made in December to its subscribers, all of which was carried out, as shown by the names and addresses, in the advertisement, of some of the receivers.

Decline of Man. Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by Well's Health Renewer, \$1.

C. Farley, city marshal, 243 Broadway, N. Y., says: "I had a remarkable case of dyspepsia; tried everything; now take Dr. Elmore's R-G. It has cured my crippled feet, and beats all other medicines and treatments in the world."

Wether Swan's Worm Syrup. Infalible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation, etc.

Consumptives given up by doctors have been cured by Fio's Cure. 25 cents.

We Should Help One Another. Mr. Norman Hunt, of No. 109 Chestnut street, Springfield, Mass., writes April 10, 1888, saying:

"Having the affliction caused by kidney and liver diseases, and after enduring the aches, pains, weakness and depression incident thereto until body and soul were nearly distracted, I sought for relief and a cure from my trouble, and was told by a friend who had been cured by it himself, that the best and only sure cure was Hunt's Remedy, and upon his recommendation I commenced taking it, and the first few doses improved my condition in a very marked manner, and a continuance of its use has justified all that my friends claimed for it—that it was a sure and permanent cure for all diseases of the kidneys and liver. Several of my friends in Springfield have used it with the most gratifying results, and I feel it my duty as well as a pleasure to me to recommend Hunt's Remedy in the highest possible terms."

Manufacturer's Testimony. Mr. H. W. Payne, manufacturer of harness, saddlery, trunks, valises, etc., No. 477 Main street, Springfield, Mass., writes under date of April 10, 1888:

"Gentlemen—I have used Hunt's Remedy, the best medicine for diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and urinary organs, and have received great benefit to my health from its use, and I find that it will do just what is claimed for it; it will cure disease and restore health. I therefore pronounce it the best medicine that I have ever used."

Hoston and Albany Railroad. A letter from Esq. paymaster, Boston and Albany Railroad, at Springfield, Mass., writes April 21, 1888: "I have used Hunt's Remedy, and my experience with it has been such that I can cheerfully say that I am satisfied that it will do just what it promises to do, if used according to directions."

A 5,000-pound clock is to be put in the national capitol.

Petro-eum V. Nasby, editor *Toledo Blade*, writes: "I had on a finger of my right hand one of those pleasant pets, a 'run round.' The finger became inflamed to a greenish-yellow and swollen to nearly twice its natural size. A friend gave me Henry's Carbolic Salve, and in twenty minutes the pain had so much subsided as to give me a fair night's rest, which I had not had before for a week. The inflammation left the finger in a day. I consider it a most valuable article."

Twenty-Five Per Cent. Stronger than any Other Butter Color. BURLINGTON, Vt., May 3, 1882. I hereby certify that I have examined the Butter Color prepared by Wells, Richardson & Co., and that the same is equal to all other or any other substance injurious to health, that I have compared it with some of the best of the other Butter Colors in the market and find it to be more than twenty-five per cent. stronger in color than the best of the others.

I am satisfied that it is not liable to become rancid, or in any way to injure the butter. I have examined it after two months free exposure to the air in a place liable to large changes of temperature, and found no trace of rancidity, while other kinds similarly exposed became rancid.

A. H. SABIN, Prof. Chemistry, University of Vermont.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, change the color of the hair, or weaken the scalp. It is a perfect hair restorer, and will cure all itching and redness of the scalp. It will cure all itching and redness of the scalp. It will cure all itching and redness of the scalp.

I am a non-believer in Patent Medicines, but having experienced marked relief from Nasal Catarrh and hoarseness by the use of Ely's Cream Balm, I can recommend it to those suffering from this loathsome complaint and to those afflicted with hoarseness or stoppage of the throat so annoying to singers and clergymen.—LOUIS E. PHILLIPS, 1428 N. Y. avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C. (Price 50 cents.)

Fitted out for the season. Dresses, cloaks, coats, stockings, and all garments can be colored successfully with the Diamond Dyes. Fashionable colors. Only 10c. at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Mothers, the best dressing for children's hair is Carboline, made from pure petroleum, the most delicate and beautiful perfume. It makes the little ones hair soft, silky and glossy; it also eradicates dandruff. Wakefulness at night is a terror. Samaritan Nerve cures it, and hence is a blessing. J. W. Thornton, of Claiborne, Miss., says: "Samaritan Nerve cured my son of fits."

On your liver sound! 100-page book free. Address Dr. Sanford, 24 Duane st., New York.

Lyon's Patent Hair Stuffer, the only invention that makes old bows straight as new.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphated Elixir of Calaisia," made by Dr. J. A. HAZARD & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

"Rough on Coughs." Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches Loc.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSE, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directories in 11 languages. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY CO. (Incorporated in U.S.A.) Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED BLOOD PURIFIER. The necessity for prompt and efficient blood-purification is daily becoming more imperative, and this Hostetter's Blood Purifier, the chief in merit and efficacy, is the only one that cures all the diseases of the blood, and restores the system to its normal condition. It is a family remedy, and is sold in all the principal cities of the United States. It is a family remedy, and is sold in all the principal cities of the United States. It is a family remedy, and is sold in all the principal cities of the United States.

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As the denizens of the Capital read about storm centers, snow blockades and frigid atmospheres that knock spots out of the thermometer, it is wonderfully comfortable to be freed from the environments of such Arctic conditions of the north and north-west during the winter thus far spent. It is an ill wind, if even a frosty one, that blows no one any good and that is just the reason why our beautiful city has its hotels, flats, cafes, and boarding houses full of strangers from all sections of the north and west. Some people have been vain enough to prophesy that the growth of the Capital the last few years was ephemeral and could not be permanent. Such declarations have been made every year since the war, and every year steady growth has branded these statements as false prophecies. Its rapidly extending paved avenues are being lined with new palatial mansions, that are occupied by the most wealthy and cultured people from all sections, drawn hither by potent forces, climate, beauty of situation, and the most attractive society found in any city in the land. Nor has the time come to call a halt or cause a lull in the onward and progressive strides of the Capital. The culminative power of all this wealth and refinement, the fact that it is the social center of a nation of fifty odd millions of people, each one of whom are partners in the ownership of the city and all that Uncle Sam is doing to make it the Paris of America, will swell mightily in the immediate future its growth and magnificence.

There seems to be a chasm, whether bloody or otherwise, dependent said not, between the southern head and the northern tail of the democratic party. There is bitter wailing on the part of Mr. Randall and his fifty-two followers on the protection platform. This little coterie of democrats, with Randall as leader, have been playing the part of missionaries among their heathen brethren, exhorting them to cease worshipping free trade idols. Just as deep contrition seemed inspiring them to confess the errors of the past, and to return to the faith of their protection fathers, and while the aurora of the good time coming was streaming athwart the horizon, their southern brethren turned too, a la Fiji Islanders, and swallowed Randall and his corps of missionaries. Alas for Randall, he henceforth is an orphan; but if he is honest there is still hope for the future. There are 128 republicans, and with Mr. Randall's 52 protectionists making 180, will beat 145 and defeat any nefarious free trade scheme that Carlisle's followers may attempt to force on the country.

The Patent Office and the rapid increase of its business is a marvel, and shows the great strides of American genius. From the beginning the department has been self-supporting and has now an unexpended balance of \$2,500,000. The day has now come when it needs for the transaction of its business the entire patent office building, which was erected and paid for out of the fees paid by inventors. One might suppose that the whole field for inventions had been traversed, but this is an error. The business is but in its infancy, and the unknown and undiscovered is a vast realm in comparison with the limits already compassed by the narrow vision of inventors. Strange names and stranger things are often found among applications for patents. T. Allwood asks for a patent for a barrel, Isaac Cook for a cook stove, F. F. Foot for a boot, C. Lightsinger for a harmonica, W. Legg for an upper of a boot, E. B. Meatyard for an ox bow, J. E. Mustard for a pepper box, and J. O. Peck a measure. Among the patentees are the names of Allechin, Curbseter, Cornfield, Drinkwater, Goodchild, Earlywine, Mustapha, Mustapha of Zagazig, Egypt, L. Sourback, Sharpneck, Shorsteine, Twentyman, Morningstar, and so on to the end of the chapter.

Senator Voorhees will have the gratitude of thousands of soldiers who, because of their pure patriotism, volunteered at the outbreak of the war, and came to the front, not because of proffered bounties. These men have never received any recognition at the hands of the Government, and it is a fitting thing that Senator Voorhees' bill to equalize soldiers' bounties should become a law. There is no excuse that the revenues are insufficient now, as there was when General Grant vetoed the bill years ago. Let the nation be just to its brave defenders, even though the tax on whiskey and tobacco should be imposed for a few years longer.

The citizen soldier saved the country and we who are enjoying their triumphs cannot afford to turn a deaf ear to the demands of justice. PHAKS.

AGED TRAVELLERS.

The genial editor of the Commercial Bulletin writes in regard to people met on a recent European trip:—"On board the crowded steamer in which I returned from Europe were several passengers of very advanced age, and they seemed to put up with what are termed the discomforts of the sea, and to enjoy the voyage, better than many who were younger. The fact of it is that any person who has had a life long to see the Old World or new, and has never found himself in time or money for the journey until well on in years, ought not to be deterred from crossing the North Atlantic because he doesn't 'feel as young as he once did.' If able to be knocking round on his

feet on the land, he can surely stand a little knocking round on the sea; and then when the week or so of steamer life is over, he will find a renewal of life in the novelty of land in that wonderful mother land, Europe. I think it has now become the proper thing to term Europe, not England, our mother land, since the origin of the present population of the United States is European in the largest sense.

I found Englishmen, who were well up in the eighties, enjoying continental travel thoroughly, exploring the old palaces, visiting the picture galleries, and dodging round among the cabriolets of the cities like young men.

I met a hale and hearty old Boston gentleman the other day, who, with plenty of money and little to do, "goes to business" as regular as in the days when he was needed, and more needy, and he said to me he had all his life longed to see Europe; but now he was too old to travel, and would have to give it up. And then he turned away, to rush for his train, over which he travelled to and from his home many thousand miles a year.

John Bright said to me in the lobby of the House of Commons that he longed to see the United States; had a deep love for that country, and many personal friends there; yet said "I have got to be too old to travel, and shall have to give it up." And he turned away to make a two o'clock in the morning session of it in Parliament. And in "Parliament out of session," he still goes over the kingdom making three hour speeches in great halls or in the open air. A good English story with the right point to it must be used here to direct my moral.

Years ago, when sailing ships carried all of the passengers, a Mrs. Wilson, 102 years old, formerly of Northumberland, England, took passage in the ship Peter, of New York and sailed to Liverpool. She had long been living in New York with her husband, and just took "the run over" to see children and grand children who were settled in England. She engaged her passage back to New York, after landing, and after doing a little family visiting in old England returned in a sailing vessel to New York.

No cure! No pay! Dr. Lawrence's Cough Balsam, when once used, takes the place of all others. See our advertising columns.

MRS. C. W. CHAMBERLIN

State and Ark St., Springfield, Mass. Her Good, Kind Words will do much for the Afflicted. Mrs. Chamberlin is the wife of C. W. Chamberlin, an employee in the United States Army at Springfield, Mass. She says: "Every Spring I have been, for some time past, more or less troubled with nervous debility and weakness. Some years I've been completely run down. My physician has recommended various strengthening and blood medicines, but I never received any permanent benefit until I tried Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY. It was recommended to me by Mrs. Newcomb, on State St. I think it a wonderful medicine to give one strength and enliven a person. I have recommended it to family after family, and to my acquaintance in Springfield, Mass., and FAVORITE REMEDY has done a great deal of good wherever it has been placed. I have a sister, Mrs. Harmon, 29 Tremont street, Lowell, Mass. who was troubled with nervous weakness and loss of strength and appetite, but by using Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY her health was completely restored. I consider it an excellent medicine. Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is used extensively among the Army men here."

SO, SIR: A Scotch minister once said no woman could bear pain as well as man. That is not so. The fact is generally the other way. Mrs. Edward Meyers of Roundout, N. Y., submitted to the operation of the removal of her hand by amputation, without taking ether, or moving a muscle, or uttering a groan. Dr. Kennedy, also of Roundout, N. Y., who performed the operation, said he never saw such heroism. The lady's disease was erysipelas, and afterward the Doctor gave his FAVORITE REMEDY to cleanse the blood. Mrs. Meyers is now well and strong.

WHAT IS NEUTRALINE?

It is absolutely the only remedy known to medical and chemical science that will SAFELY, QUICKLY, and SURELY neutralize all the offensive odors of the human body, arising from perspiration or the excretions of the axillary glands and other perspiratory pores.

It is a Boon to all who regard Cleanliness as a Virtue. It is a sure cure for Chapped Hands and Lips. Unequalled as an Emollient.

It is the only agent that will effectually kill the odor of any of the many fetid secretions beneath the human skin, either at the feet, armpits, breast, genital, or other parts of the body. It is a scientific fact that bathing too often, as many people have to do, to free themselves of offensive odors, causes a debilitating effect, and does not always produce the desired result. Two or three applications a week of NEUTRALINE to the affected parts obviates the necessity of bathing so often, and will cure any ordinary case. It is perfectly harmless and is under a positive guarantee to accomplish its object. It is THE Toilet Article of the day, and is handsomely put up in 35 and 60 cent bottles, sold by all druggists, and also mailed, postpaid, in patent collapsible boxes on tubes, on receipt of 35 cents (send postal note), by J. A. HOIT COMPANY, Nashua, N.H.

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ARLINGTON Miniature Directory, 1884.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Selectmen, Overseers of Poor, etc.—Alonzo W. Damon, Henry J. Locke, Samuel E. Kimball.

Town Clerk, Treasurer and Collector—B. Delmont Locke, Office at Town Hall. Office hours from 8 to 12; from 2 to 6. Open evenings, Wednesday excepted.

School Committee.—William E. Parmenter, Chairman; C. E. Goodwin, secretary; Timothy O'Leary, Henry Swan, William E. Wood, Rev. C. H. Watson, Rev. Matthew Harkins, A. Willard Damon, Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D.

Library Committee.—James P. Parmenter, John T. Trowbridge, Richard L. Hodgdon.

Water Commissioners.—Henry Mott, Samuel E. Kimball, Warren Kason.

Water Register, B. Delmont Locke; Supt. of Works, Geo. W. Austin, office at Town Hall.

Superintendent of Streets, G. W. Austin.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Charles Gott, Chief Engineer. George A. Stearns, Matt. Rowe, 2d. Assts. Meet last Saturday evening before last Monday in each month.

HIGHLAND HOSE, No. 2.

Foreman, James Fermoye, Clerk, John Meade, treasurer, Geo. H. Hill, steward, John Nolan. Meet the second Tuesday in each month.

WM. TENN HOSE No. 3.

Foreman, Wm. O. Austin, 1st. Asst. Frank P. Winn, clerk, N. Whittier, treasurer, Warren A. Peirce, steward, Charles E. Bacon. Meet third Tuesday in each month.

MEMOTOMY H. AND L. TRUCK.

Foreman, John Butler, clerk, John Splan, steward, Wm. Sweeney. Meet second Tuesday of each month.

POLICE OFFICERS.

Eugene Meade, chief. Patrick J. Shean, Garrett Barry.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The Library is open every week day afternoon, from 3 to 6 o'clock, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when it is kept open two hours later. The Library is located in Town Hall building.

Lizzie J. Newton, Librarian.

ARLINGTON 5 CT. SAV. BANK.

Wm. G. Peck, President. The offices are in Bank Building, corner of Arlington Avenue and Pleasant Street and are open for business Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings, after three o'clock.

CHURCHES.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH. Rev. Charles H. Watson, Pastor.

Wendell E. Richardson, supt. of S. S. H. G. Allen, assistant supt. John F. Allen, Jr., secretary and treasurer. Preaching service at 10:45. Sunday School at noon; evening service at 7 o'clock.

FIRST PARISH—UNITARIAN.

Rev. J. P. Forbes, Pastor. Sunday School at 9.30, H. H. Ceiley, superintendent; preaching service at 10:45.

ST. JOHN'S—EPISCOPAL.

Rev. C. M. Addison, Rector. Morning prayer and sermon, 10.30; evening prayer and sermon 7.30; Sunday School at noon; Thos. B. Cotter, supt; James Wilson, Librarian.

PLEASANT STREET CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. E. B. Mason, D.D., Pastor. Edwin Mills, Superintendent of Sunday School; Charles S. Parker, assistant; Edm. W. Noyes, secretary. Preaching service at 10:45; Sunday School at noon; services in the evening at 7.30 o'clock; Young Peoples' meeting at 6.30.

ST. MALACHI—CATHOLIC.

Rev. Matthew Harkins, Pastor. Rev. James J. O'Brien and Rev. J. W. Gallagher, Assistants. Low mass at 8 o'clock, high mass at 10.30; vespers at 4 p. m. Sunday school at 2.45, under the care of pastor and assistants.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Mrs. M. Fletcher, superintendent of S. S. Henry Swan, Miss L. J. Russell, assistants, Secretary, Miss Nellie Marston. Treasurer, Charles S. Richardson. Preaching service at 10:45; Sunday School at noon.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Unfon Hall, Arlington Heights. Rev. W. H. Daniels, Pastor. Preaching at 10.45 a. m.; Praise service at 7 p. m.; Sunday School at noon. James Hurd, superintendent. John K. Simpson, secretary and treasurer.

SOCIETIES.

Hiram Lodge, F. A. M. Meets in Masonic Hall, corner Arlington Avenue and Medford street, Thursday on or before full moon each month. Edm. W. Noyes, W. M. Secretary, L. D. Bradley, Treasurer, George D. Taft.

Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter. Meets in Masonic Hall, second Tuesday of each month. Charles H. Prentiss, H. P. Secretary, Joseph W. Whitaker, Treasurer, Wilson W. Fay.

Bethel Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F. Meets in Bank Building, corner Arlington Avenue and Pleasant street, every Wednesday evening. C. W. Hiley, N. G. Secretary, George H. Rugg, Per. Sec. George A. Sawyer. G. Hill, Jr., Treasurer.

Arlington Lodge, No. 584, K. of H. Meet in Reynolds Hall, second and fourth Mondays of each month. John H. Hardy, Dict. Reporter, L. O. Carter. Treasurer, R. W. Shattuck.

Frances Gould Post 36, G. A. R. Meet in Bethel Lodge room, Bank Building, second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Horace D. Durgin, Commander. Adjt. James A. Blanchard. Q. M., James A. Marden.

Ancient Order Hibernians. Meet in Hibernian Hall (old Adams School house), first Tuesday in each month, at eight o'clock, p. m. President, Patrick Corrigan. Timothy Shean, secretary. John McGrath, treasurer.

Ponemah Tribe, No. 6, Improved Order of Red Men. Meet in Menotomy Hall, Arlington Avenue, every Friday evening. James Durgin, Prophet; Wm. J. Dinsmore, Sachem; Albert E. Cotton, Chief of Records.

Robert Emmet Land League. Meet in Hibernian Hall the first and third Tuesdays in each month. Timothy O'Leary, president. Secretary, Charles T. Scannell. Treasurer, Matthew Rowe.

Mt. Horeb Lodge, No. 19, Order of American Orangemen. Meet in Menotomy Hall, Arlington Avenue, first and third Mondays of each month. Thomas Roden, W. M.; Geo. Reynolds, D. M.; W. J. Dinsmore, secretary; James Durgin, treasurer.

Catholic T. A. & B. Society. Meet in vestry of St. Malachy church first Sunday in each month. P. H. Byron, president. Secretary, John H. Byron. Treasurer, Michael E. O'Leary.

Arlington W. C. T. Union. Meet once in two weeks, on Thursdays, in vestry of Congregational church, Pleasant street, at 4 o'clock. Mrs. R. W. Hillard, president. Secretary, Mrs. Geo. C. Whittemore. Treasurer, Mrs. S. Stuckney.

Cotting High School Alumni Association. Edgar Crosby, president. Secretary and treasurer, George H. Cutter.

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DR. HARDY. 5 Chester Square, Boston (few doors from Tremont street) makes a specialty of nervous diseases, rheumatism, paralysis, neuritis, and diseases peculiar to women. New method and treatment. Endorsed in this country and abroad. Medical book sent free to invalids. Consultation free. Special accommodations for invalids when desired. 2184-47.

G. H. ROTH, OPTICIAN, 47 West street, Boston, attends personally to the fitting of Spectacles, and Eye-glasses, on strictly scientific principles. See what a leading Boston paper says.—"Mr. Roth, who is a successful optician at 47 West street demonstrated his thorough knowledge of his business by a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association. The lecture is spoken of as one of the best ever delivered before the Association." NOV18-84

THE CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS is recognized as a paper unsurpassed in all the requirements of American Journalism. It stands conspicuous among the metropolitan journals of the country as a complete News-paper. In the matter of telegraphic service, having the advantage of connection with the CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, it has at its command all the dispatches of the Western Associated Press, besides a very extensive service of Special Telegrams from all important points. As a News-paper it has no superior. It is INDEPENDENT in Politics, presenting all political news free from partisan bias or coloring, and absolutely without fear or favor as to parties. It is, in the fullest sense, a FAMILY PAPER. Each issue contains several COMPLETED STORIES, a SERIAL STORY of absorbing interest, and a rich variety of condensed notes on Fashions, Art, Industries, Literature, Science, etc., etc. Its Market Quotations are complete and to be relied upon. It is unsurpassed as an enterprising, pure, and trustworthy GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER. We republish here from the columns of the WEEKLY NEWS a few of the voluntary commendations it has received:

WHAT OLD SUBSCRIBERS SAY ABOUT THE "CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS" WHEN THEY RENEW THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

William Cannons, Pontiac, Oakland County, Mich., says: "I think it is the best paper in America." L. A. Welch, Sullivan, O., says: "It is better than many of the \$5 papers." James P. Malone, 230 St. Charles street, New Orleans, La., says: "In comparing your paper with others I receive, I must say yours, the CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS, is good, better, best. I would sooner miss a meal than a number of the News. It is the newspaper of the day. It is true to its name." Alfred P. Foster, Woodhull, Henry County, Ill., says: "It is one of the cleanest papers I read." W. W. Rhodes, Adrian, Mich., says: "I don't want to miss a number. It is the best paper for news I have ever seen, and which is utterly impossible to get in a strictly party journal of either side."

The above extracts are sufficient to show in what esteem the CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS is held by its old subscribers. Our special Clubbing Terms bring it within the reach of all Specimen Copies may be seen at this office. Send subscriptions to this office.

It is full of readable and valuable news, and, although I am in receipt of nine weekly journals, I am constrained to adopt THE WEEKLY NEWS as No. 10, because of its non-partisan attitude in politics, giving me the ungarbled truth concerning the actions of all political parties. M. E. Davenport, Palmyra, N. Y., says: "It is the cheapest and best paper I ever read." Mrs. L. Schonan, Hannibal, Mo., says: "I like your paper very much. I get six other papers, but do not like them as well as the WEEKLY NEWS." W. B. Law, Mansfield, Tex., says: "I am highly pleased with the News, for I get politics presented in it in such a way that I get both sides of a question fairly set forth, which is utterly impossible to get in a strictly party journal of either side."

The celebrated
Fever and Ague
and Malaria cure
LEWIS' RED JACKET BITTERS
Contains no mineral or poisonous substances and is a Purely Vegetable Preparation.
A Sovereign Remedy for Liver and Kidney Troubles, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Constipation, Rheumatism and Nervousness in either sex, which diseases invariably yield to the Vegetable Remedies in these Bitters. A speedy relief is universal when used according to directions.

FEMALE DIFFICULTIES

in young or old, married or single yield readily to this invaluable "Family Medicine." The

Wonderful Success

in this class of cases is because it is based on scientific principles and is a purely vegetable preparation. It is a family medicine, and is a sovereign remedy for all the diseases of the female system. It is a family medicine, and is a sovereign remedy for all the diseases of the female system. It is a family medicine, and is a sovereign remedy for all the diseases of the female system.

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PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE
THIS WHITE ON EVERY TRADE-MARK WRAPPER
It is a purely white, semi-transparent fluid, having a remarkable affinity for the skin. The only article yet known to chemists that will penetrate the skin WITHOUT INJURY.

BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION.

Eradicates all Spots, Freckles, Tan, Moth Patches, Black Worms, Impurities and Discolorations of every kind, and withers upon the skin. It renders the complexion clear, healthy and brilliant, creating a complexion which is neither artificial nor temporary, but at once beautiful and permanent in its beauty. IT CURES, (almost instantly) Sunburn, Rough or Chafed Skin. In fact, its use upon a diseased skin is a sure and certain cure. It is a purely white, semi-transparent fluid, having a remarkable affinity for the skin. The only article yet known to chemists that will penetrate the skin WITHOUT INJURY.

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New Illustrated catalogue (40 pp. 4to) for season of 1883-4, including many new styles; the best assortment of the best and most attractive organs we have ever offered, and at lowest prices, \$22 to \$600, for cash, easy payments or rented. Sent free.

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